witzend

NUMBER 7

$1.50

witzend

Editorial

Taxes are definitely too high. I'm sick of paying taxes for this and paying taxes for that and with hardly a fare thee well.

Federal taxes are bad enough. As a matter of fact, they're the worst.

Then there's a state tax. This tax is a burn no matter which way you look at it. I know for a fact that they're in collusion with the federal people, and have been for years.

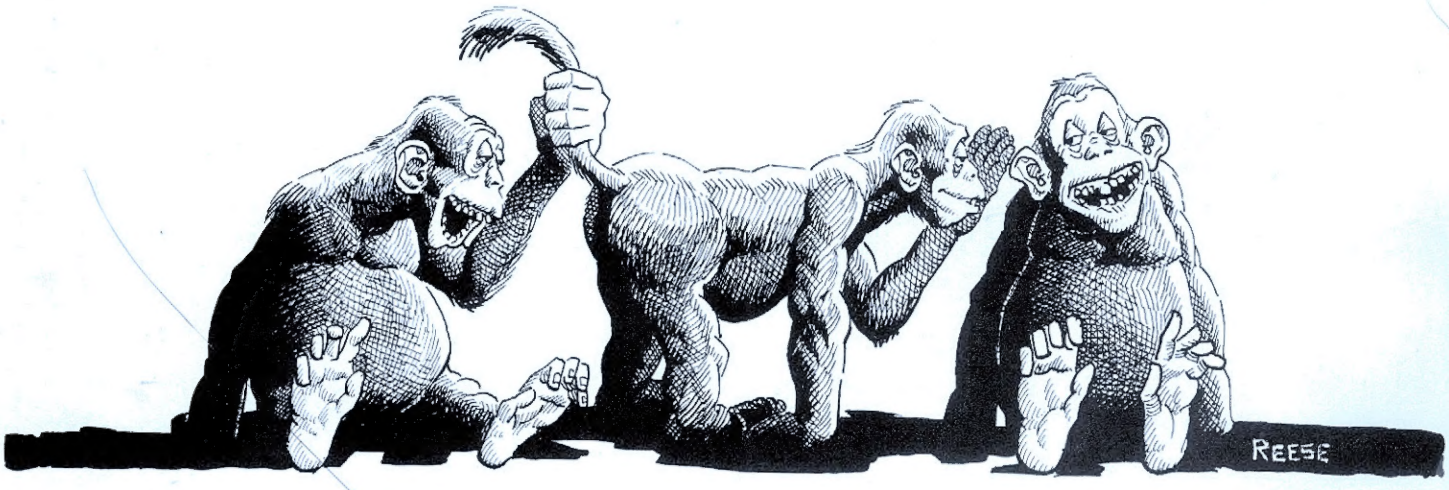
You think they'd let us off the hook? Forget it. There's still the city tax. Another typical long-winded, pretentious, unintelligible printed form demanding money.

Sometimes I sit around thinking about the manhours I've put in for Uncle Sam, and it just gets my goat.

My dad remembers when there wasn't any tax. I can't forget when there wasn't any. I keep thinking about it, wishing there wasn't any now.

Sales tax for buying food. Gasoline tax for getting to work. Liquor tax for trying to forget the tax man.

It's enough to get a good man down.



America's Favorite Homemade Magazine

This is WITZEND #7, Spring, 1970 issue, produced and distributed as often as possible by the Wonderful Publishing Company, Box 882, Ansonia Station, New York City, 10023. Bill Pearson, Editor and Publisher. Phil Seuling, Associate Publisher. Wallace Wood, Esteemed Founder. Audrey Meyers, Secretary.

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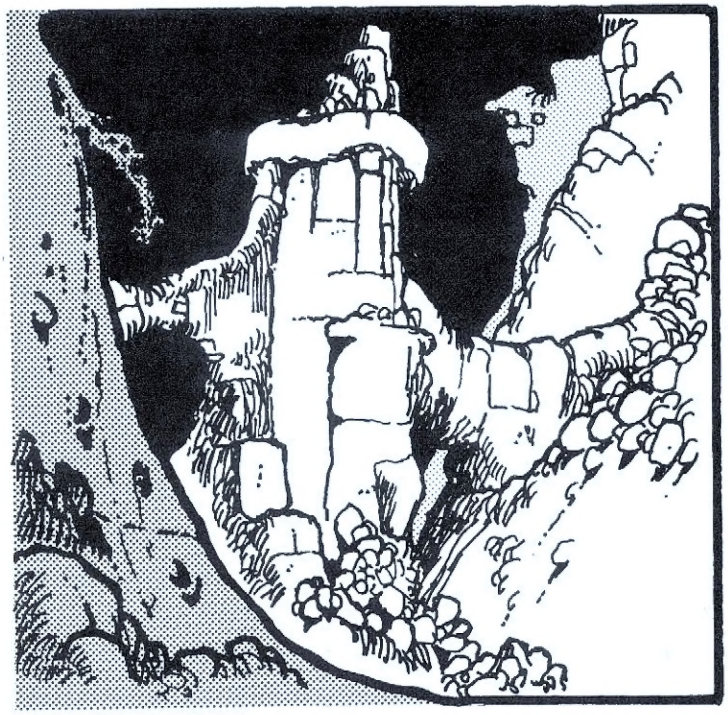
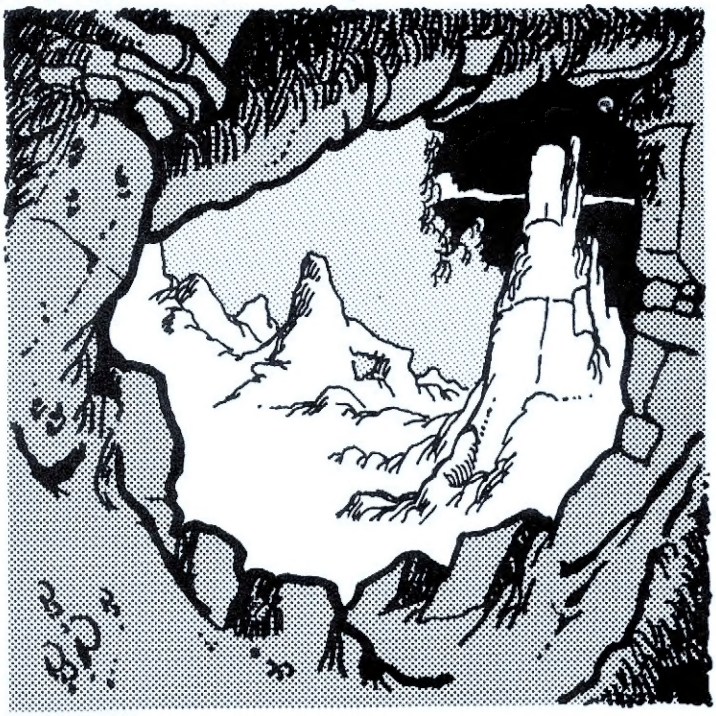
IN THE LATE AFTERNOON, A LIGHT BREEZE COMES DOWN OVER THE HIGH MOUNTAINS AND ENDLESS CANYONS..THE BREEZE HISSES THE SAND OVER GREAT, WIND ERODED ROCKS AND DUMPS IT LIKE FRAIL DREAMS AND SAD WHISPERS OVER AGES OLD TIRED FORMATIONS OF STONE... IT IS A QUITE, DEATHLESS, TIMELESS WORLD..... IT IS, OUR FUTURE.....

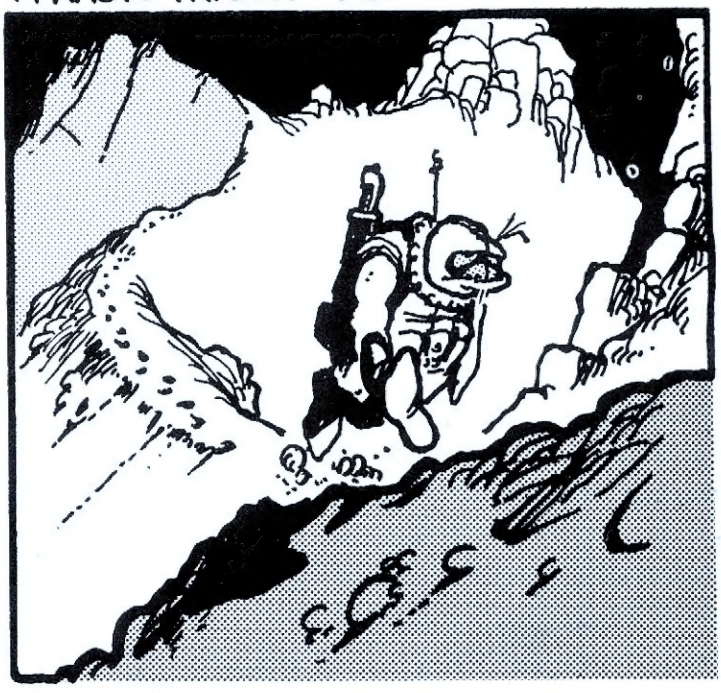


YOU KNOW, WE SPECULATE.. WE TRY TO OUTGUESS THE UNPREDICTABLE WHIMS OF NATURE AND WE ARE SELDOM RIGHT.. BUT, WE CAN GUESS WITH UNERRING ACCURACY, THE FUTURE OF HOMO SAPIENS. THAT CREATURE MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD HIMSELF!.. MAN, IS THE GREAT DESTROYER, THE INSATIABLE TAKER.. MAN, WILL BLOW HIMSELF UP AND LEAVE A WORLD STERILIZED BY HIS GENIUS.



BUT, MAN, OR WHAT THE RADIATION AND THE CONSTANT HOT RAINS AND HIGH ROENTGEN DUST STORMS MAKE HIM, WILL STILL CLING TENACIOUSLY TO HIS QUESTIONABLE RIGHT TO SURVIVE..... HIS INALIENABLE RIGHT TO CONTINUE STRIPPING HIS RAPED WORLD.....

IN THE LATE AFTERNOON, WHEN THE LIGHT BREEZE BLOWS THE HISSING SAND, A FORM, A CREATURE, AN UGLY VERSION OF A ONCE-MAN, PADS ACROSS THE WARM SAND..... HE IS A MUTATION BELONGING, LIKE AN ANIMAL, TO THE 'RADIOS'; A REMNANT OF LONG PAST CIVILIZATIONS... HE IS A LOPER, A RADIO CONTROLLED LOPER, SCOUTING AHEAD OF A RADIO TRANSPORT....



BOOM
SMACK
ARGH!
KRUMP
OOOOOOH...
SKAP
HUH?..COUGH...NO!
NOT KILL THIS ONE!
.....NO KILL!!
PUNCH
CLICK
CLACK

THE LOPER IS LEFT TO LAY AND ROT QUIETLY IN THE COZY CREEK BED....HE IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE NOW, HE WILL ROT OR BE EATIN' BY SOME STARVING MUTATION...IT DOESN'T MATTER...WE FOLLOW HIS KILLER, A SLIGHTLY BUILT MAN-LIKE CREATURE WHO WEARS THE NOT UNCOMMON 'WHITE CLOTH' TO HIDE HIS UGLY DEFORMITY..HE CLIMBS UP THE CRUMBLING HILL FEELING A DEEPNESS, A HEAVYNESS OF PURPOSE THAT OVER SHADOWS THE RIGHT OR WRONG OF MURDER...HIS RIDING ANIMAL, A GRASSER, MUNCHES ON DUST WEED.. IT WATCHES THE LITTLE MASTER WITH UNCONCERN..THE MAN-CREATURE PULLS THE GRASSER TO ITS KNEES AND MOUNTS THE CREEKY LEATHER SADDLE..HE SHOVES HIS WOLF CARBINE INTO THE SADDLE SCABBARD, DRAWS HARD WITH THE REINS, KICKING THE DUMB BEAST UP ON ITS FEET....THE GRASSER MOVES OFF WITH A SLOW, DELIBERATE STRIDE..ROCKING OR WADDLING ALONG NARROW PATHS HIGH ABOVE THE CANYON FLOOR.....

THIS BEGINS IT, THIS STARTS THE PROPHECY OF THE FUTURE, THE HISSING SAND, AND THE LONELY FIGURE HIGH ATOP A PLAINS BEAST....THIS IS WHERE I BEGIN THE UNIQUE STORY OF THE LITTLE MAN-CREATURE WHO IS KNOWN TO A FEW MUTATIONS, TO A FEW ANIMALS, TO A FEW FLYING THINGS AS:

COBALT 60

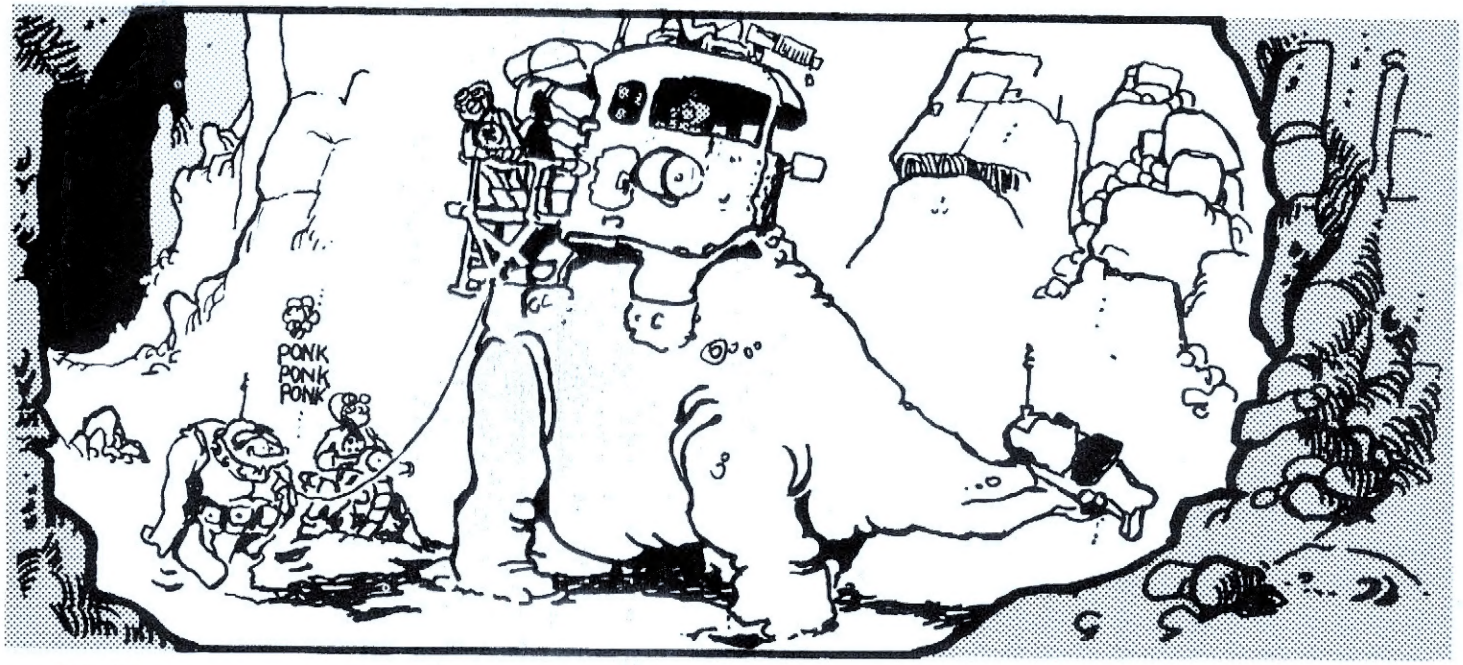
by VAUGHN BODE'

ALRIGHT..YOU BE EASY NOW, BIG ANIMAL....I SEE..... WHAT I AM LOOKING FOR...

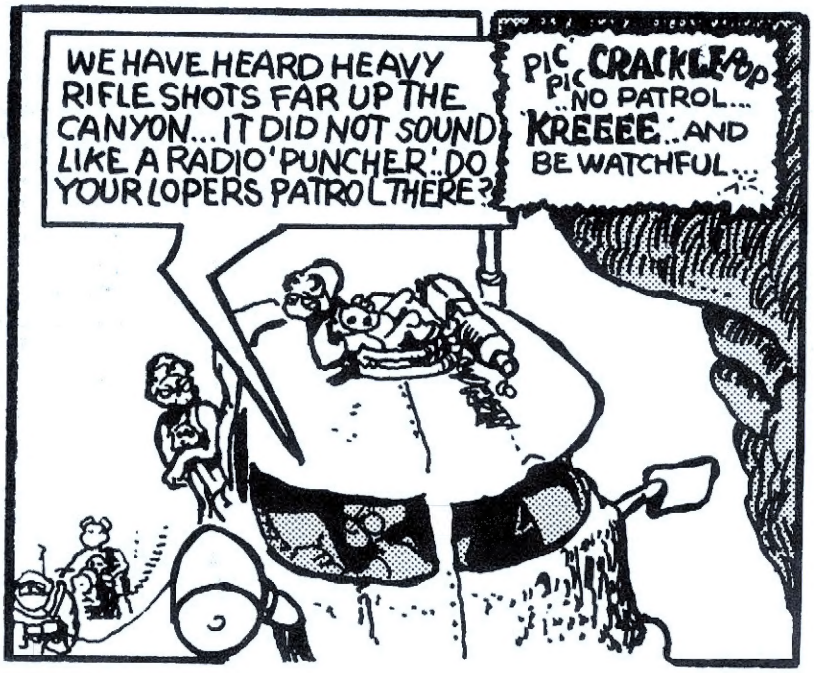
SNIFF

©COPYRIGHT 1968 by VAUGHN F. BODE'

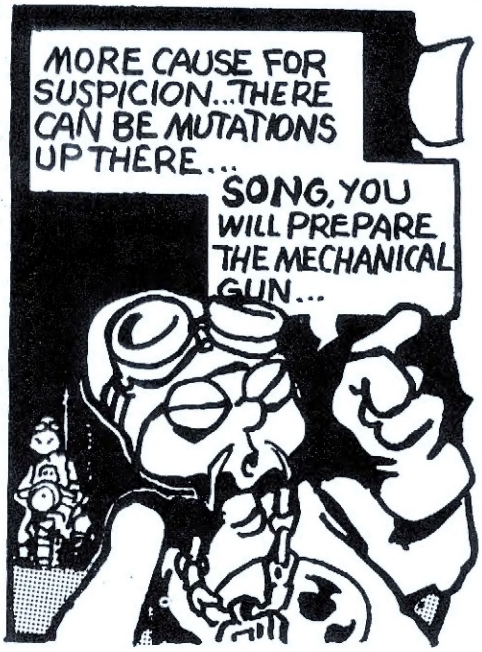
...THE RADIO TRANSPORT IS COMING...


PONK
PONK
PONK

RADIO BORDER STATION, WE CALL YOU...WE CALL YOU..
POP CRACK..YES... PACK PIC, POP ..SPEAK NOW...

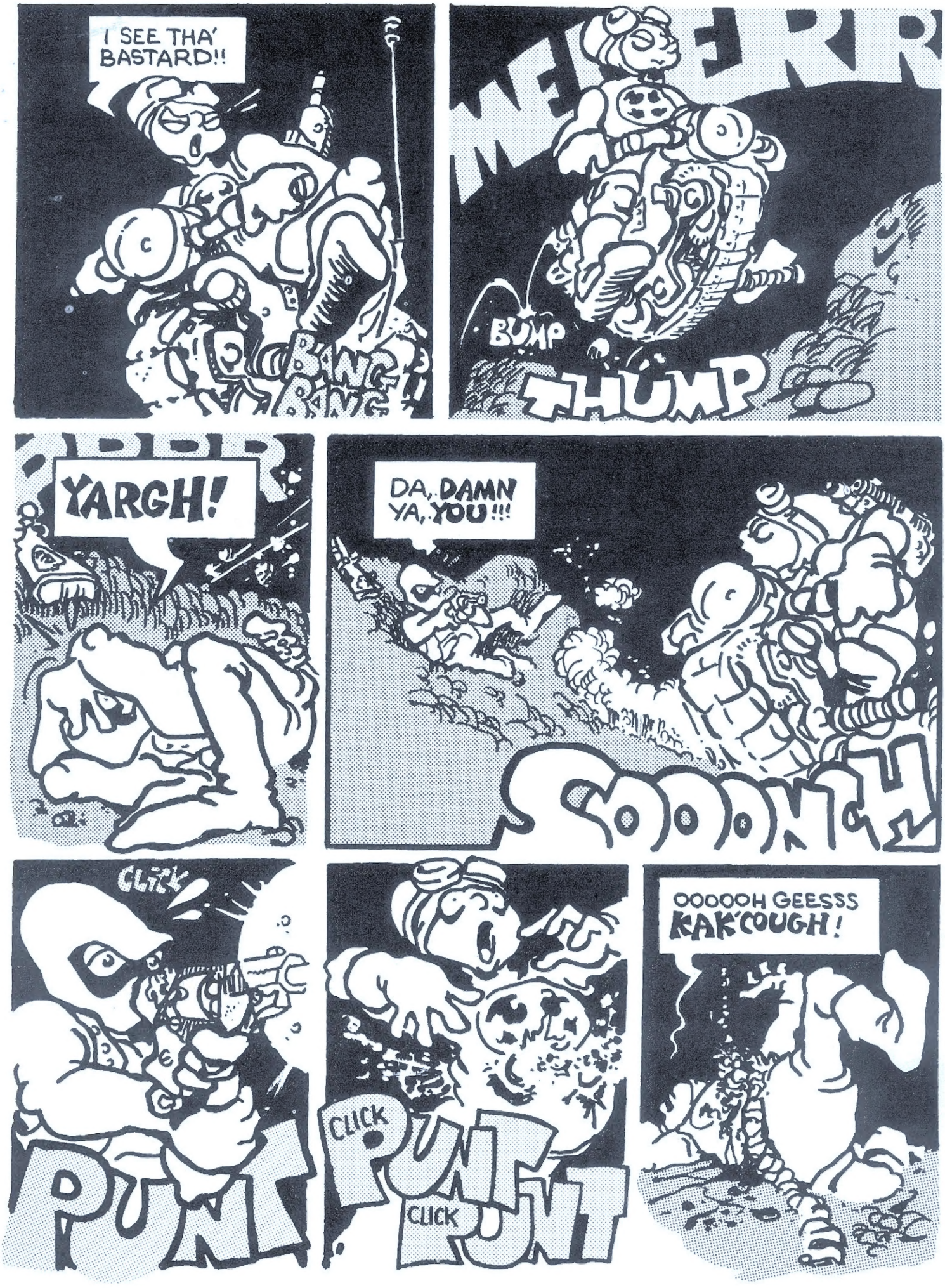

WE HAVE HEARD HEAVY RIFLE SHOTS FAR UP THE CANYON... IT DID NOT SOUND LIKE A RADIO 'PUNCHER'..DO YOUR LOPERS PATROL THERE?
PIC PIC CRACKLE POP ..NO PATROL... KREEEE..AND BE WATCHFUL...

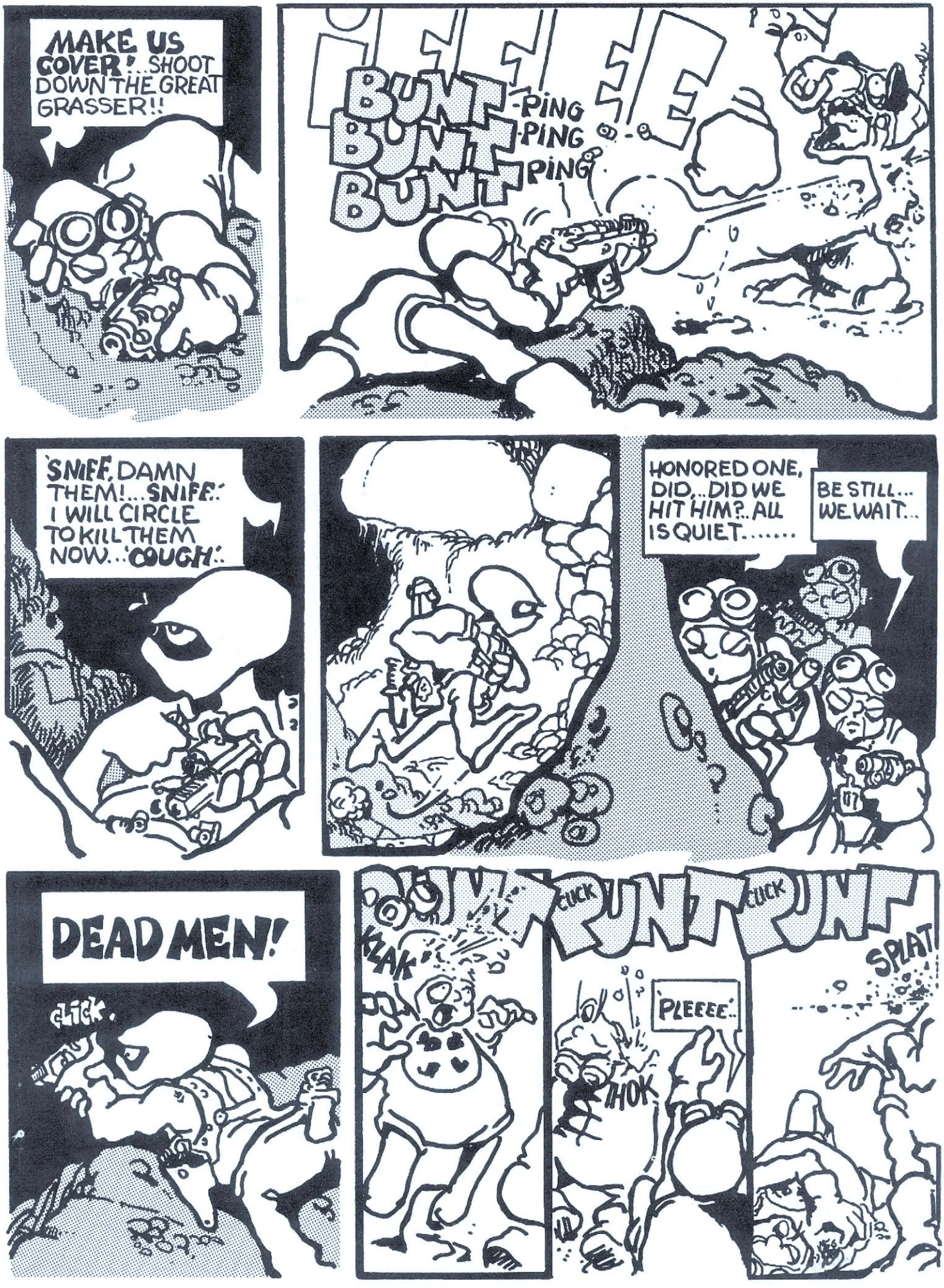
STARDUST, TELL THEM OUR LOPER SCOUT IS OUT TOO LONG....
PUT PONK PONK


MORE CAUSE FOR SUSPICION...THERE CAN BE MUTATIONS UP THERE...
SONG, YOU WILL PREPARE THE MECHANICAL GUN...

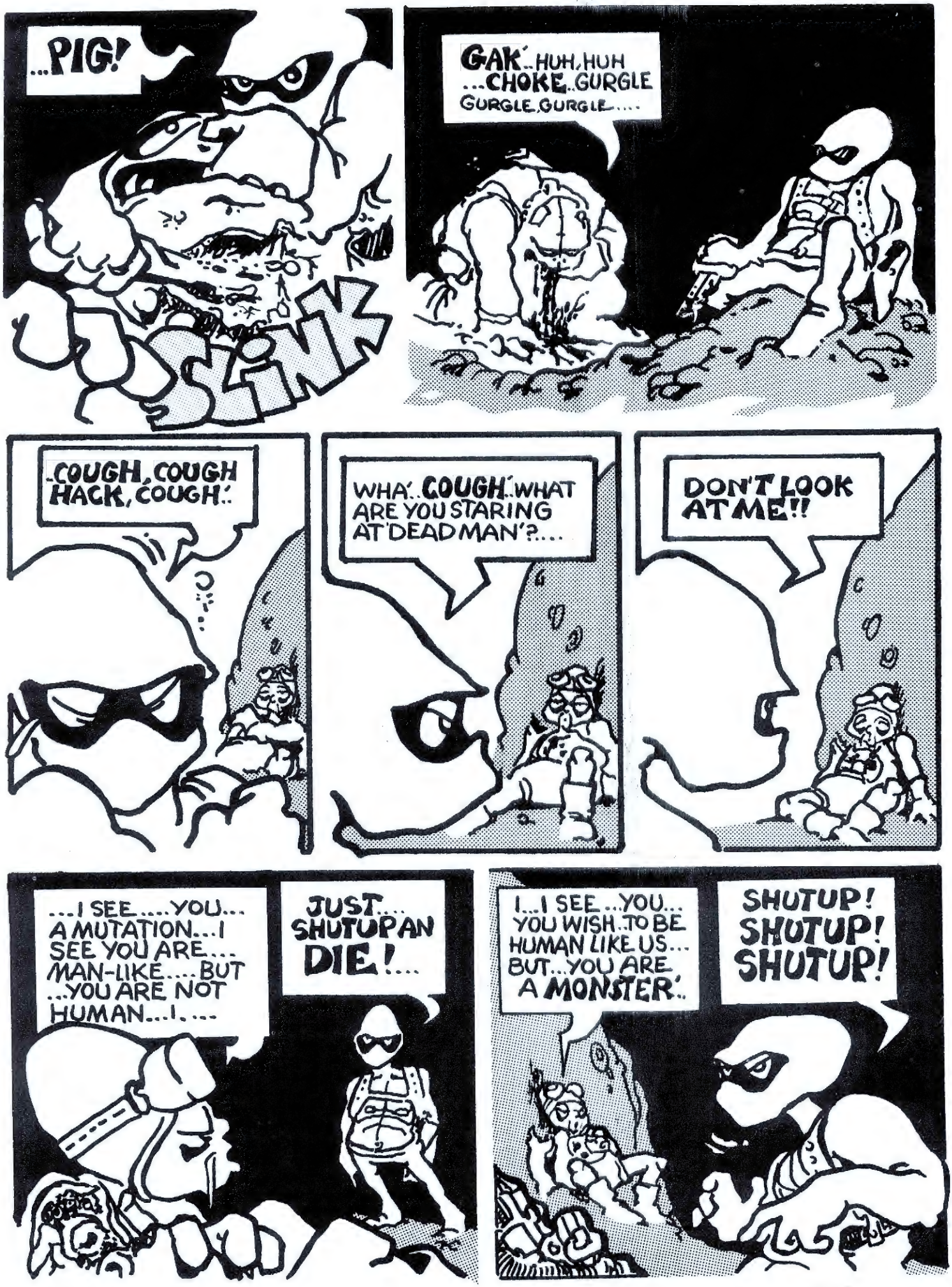
HAHA, THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE WAS A BLUE CRACKER AT ITS WORK, EH?.. YOU WORRY TOO EASY, HONORED ONE..

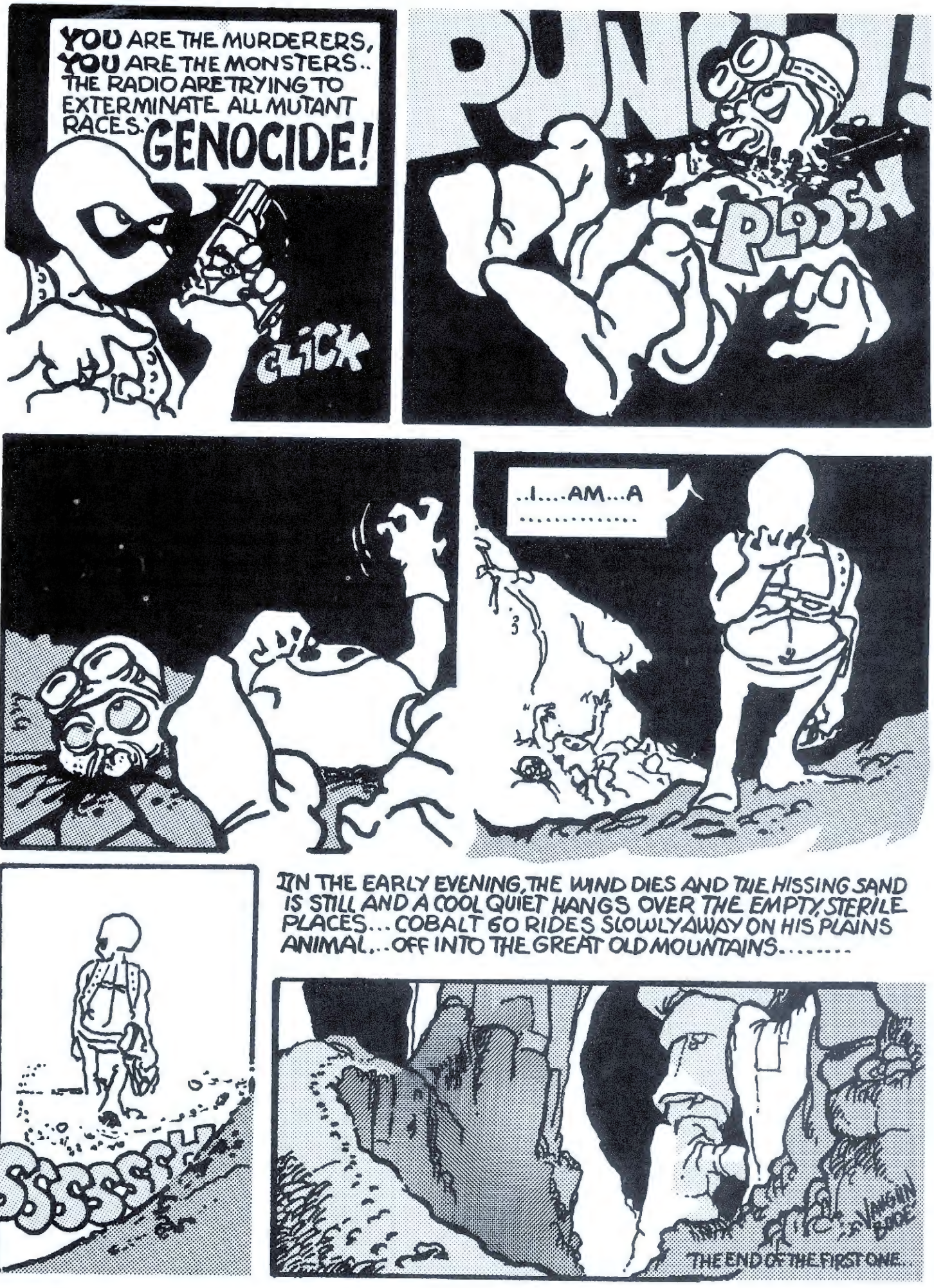
BOOM!
..OH HOLY GOD.... STARDUST, GET TO THE MECHANICAL GUN, QUICKLY!!....
SEE YOUR BEAST GET TO ACTION.!
BOOM!
YAR!
SNIC
YOU PIG!!
ZIT--
EEEEE!


I SEE THA' BASTARD!!
BANG BANG!
MEEERRR
BUMP
THUMP
YARGH!
DA, DAMN YA, YOU!!!
SOOOOTCH
CLICK
PUNT
CLICK
CLICK
PUNT
OOOOOH GEESSS KAK'COUGH!


MAKE US COVER!...SHOOT DOWN THE GREAT GRASSER!!
BUNT -PING
BUNT -PING
BUNT PING
'SNIFF, DAMN THEM!...SNIFF.' I WILL CIRCLE TO KILL THEM NOW...'COUGH'.
HONORED ONE, DID,..DID WE HIT HIM?..ALL IS QUIET.....
BE STILL... WE WAIT...
DEAD MEN!
CLICK
KLAK
CLICK
PUNT
CLICK
PUNT
'PLEEEE'..
THOK
SPLAT

WHAT?... JESUS, THA' LOPER!!
RARRGH!
KOOOFE!
SUNCH!
GASP! CAN'T..GET.. YARRRGH!
...HO!..SQUIRM AWAY LIKE WORM FISH!..PA-TOOY! YOU BREAK LOPER'S TOOTH...
NO, LISTEN! IT'S OVER! I WANTED THE RADIOS...WE CAN STOP.... LISTEN!!.. I..COUGH, COUGH...
HEHEHE..
YOU SCARDED TO FIGHT, BIG LOPER....
WOOOOSH
....I...SMASH LITTLE SKULL, WORM-MAN!
CHING
HEY!
YOU DIRTY...


...PIG!
SINK
GAK..HUH,HUH ...CHOKE..GURGLE GURGLE,GURGLE....
..COUGH,COUGH HACK,COUGH..
WHA'..COUGH..WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT'DEAD MAN'?....
DON'T LOOK AT ME!!
...I SEE....YOU... A MUTATION...I SEE YOU ARE... MAN-LIKE....BUT ...YOU ARE NOT HUMAN...I....
JUST... SHUTUP AN DIE!...
I...I SEE...YOU... YOU WISH..TO BE HUMAN LIKE US... BUT...YOU ARE A MONSTER..
SHUTUP! SHUTUP! SHUTUP!


YOU ARE THE MURDERERS, YOU ARE THE MONSTERS.. THE RADIO ARE TRYING TO EXTERMINATE ALL MUTANT RACES. GENOCIDE!
CLICK
RUN!
PLOOSH
..I....AM....A
.....
IN THE EARLY EVENING, THE WIND DIES AND THE HISSING SAND IS STILL AND A COOL QUIET HANGS OVER THE EMPTY, STERILE PLACES... COBALT 60 RIDES SLOWLY AWAY ON HIS PLAINS ANIMAL... OFF INTO THE GREAT OLD MOUNTAINS.....
SSSSSH
THE END OF THE FIRST ONE..

Letters

I, and a million others, would like to know why you can't reprint WITZEND #1. Everybody would like to have a copy, but they are nowhere to be found. I would gladly pay 5 bucks for it, but nobody will sell it. It's fine for you guys, since you've seen, read, and probably DREW it, but what about us? You could have a second printing, and charge more than twice as much as any other issue, and they'd sell out right away.

Jim Gray

Sure, Jim, we just toss out those thousands of "Reprint #1" petitions which pour in daily here at the penthouse offices of the Witzend building. Sure, we could use those millions. We wouldn't be terribly insulted with half a million. But then of course, we'd be rich—and all those rotten poor people would burn down our printing plants and write nasty articles lumping us in with the establishment. Now do you really wish that fate on America's favorite homemade magazine?

I am utterly delighted with Witzend; my copies have become much in demand among other professors in the Humanities. Most of us here are around 30 and were your avid followers in the MAD and ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION days. Not only is Witzend nostalgic; it is fresh and forward looking as well, not least in its very concept. Perhaps this sort of independent publishing venture, outside the arbitrary boundaries of the corporate mass media, is the wave of the future. Let's hope so.

R.E. Boyd

For the immediate future, TV would seem to be the best suited instrument of media for buckshot advertising, entertainment, and propaganda. There are enough people now to sponsor specialized magazines on almost anything from playing snooker to collecting barbed wire. Or even comic books. Ain't life grand?

What's going on here? Slowly, inch by inch, Wally Wood got "pushed" out of his head position as both editor and publisher. Now, in issue #6, he is listed only as "illustrious founder." Does he still have anything to do with the actual inner workings of Witzend anymore?

ALIEN was definitely one of the greatest stories you have ever printed. It's the only story I've seen with such a minimum of dialogue that could work out with so great a result. And Jeff's artwork was really superb. Try to get more from him, if you can.

SPAWN OF VENUS was your second second best story this issue (by about 0.0000176935448 point). Was this one of those E.C. 3-D science-fiction stories which Wally said he was going to have in #4?

The cover was very interesting and mystique. But what's wrong—don't you have enough money on hand to pay for a full color cover? It would improve the looks of your magazine a great deal.

By the way, how do I get an answer back when I write you guys?

Vincent Perkins

After the 4th issue, Wally Wood, for reasons of his own, sold Witzend to the vast Wonderful Publishing Empire for the sum of $1.00, on the condition that we would fulfill his promise to produce at least four more issues, through #8. He remains our most generous contributor and paternal influence, but manages to get out of the drudge work.

The final installment of the Wizard King had to be delayed until next issue because of Wally's commitments on his newest project, a regular-sized full color comic book of his own, called HEROES, INC., which will be distributed EXCLUSIVELY to the armed forces. The first issue has been released, featuring new characters Cannon and Dragonella, among others. Look for it, but we have no way of supplying copies.

Yes, Spawn Of Venus was originally produced for 3D. The story behind the story, including samples of the separate cells, is slated for eventual publication (if the fates act favorably). Though he was paid and paid well for the job, Wally remembers it as one of the big money-losers of all time. When you realize the work it entailed, you'll know why.

No, we don't have enough money for a full color cover. In fact, we had to go to a cheaper printer this issue, and we're keeping our fingers crossed.

To get an answer, you must include a STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. And don't lay down a whole interview--your orders are already being delayed, regretfully, because we just don't have enough TIME.

I am writing to inquire about the delay of my copy of WITZEND #6. A friend of mine has had Witzend #6 for 2 weeks and he didn't even remember sending for one, but I have a subscription up to #8 and I can't seem to get one. It seems that every one always gets what they send for about 2 or 3 weeks before I do, and then I usually have to write asking about it.

I'm beginning to believe that my name is some kind of jinx. Whenever anyone gets an order from me, they immediately see the name George Detrow and right away decide to delay what I ordered about 2 or 3 weeks.

I think there's only 2 or 3 people that I deal with that I can get what I order without having to write asking about it.

Please see what you can do about getting my copy of WITZEND #6 to me, will you? Thank you very much.

George T. Detrow

We don't mind "Detrow," but there's something definitely repugnant about the name "George." Every time we get an order from someone named "George," we pass it around and have a good laugh. Then we file it in our "George" drawer and forget it for at least two months. Then, after everything else is caught up, we look around on the floor for the worst mangled up copies, slip in a few secret hex marks, and send those bummers to you jerks named "George."

Enclosed is the address label from my copy of Witzend #6. With many periodicals, the number on the label indicates the LAST issue of a subscription. If this is so with Witzend, it's an error, as I've paid up through issue #8.

Robert Campbell

The number on your address label is our packing code only. This is a good spot to warn ALL subscribers that we do NOT send subscription renewal notices of any kind. It's up to YOU to keep a record of when your subscription expires.

I just want to thank you for putting Jim Steranko in your mag. His artwork is just too good for human eyes.

Tod Miles

By decree of the power vested in me by the Holy Order of Itinerant Cartoonists, I do hereby appoint Jim Steranko to the post of honorary angel artist and sign painter, and if he ever draws another picture for human eyes, so much for HIS divinity.

Congratulations! I've never written a completely foul, deriding, abusive letter before, but you've moved me to action. Ditko's atrocity in #6 was just unbelievable in its small-minded, arrogant ignorance. Sure, comics are right-wing—it's an old tradition. But this kind of agit-prop has no place in a mag supposedly devoted to comic "ART."

I hate to dignify his article by arguing on his terms. If you want to run stuff promoting police actions at a time when cops are shooting unarmed demonstrators in the back with buckshot (you do read the papers, right?), it's your conscience. But to apply this simplistic individualism to entire nations is too much! India, for instance, well into famine of crisis proportions—lazy? Not willing to help herself? It's hard to help yourself when you're sick and dying.

And Ditko! He says he's going to show us "types" of people that cause misery. O.K. Good premise. What types? The neutralist and the agitator. TWO! It's good to know that the world's problems are so easily reducible—the person who does nothing and the person who tries to do something. The point is, this piece is a total failure in its blind hatred.

Even the crankiest of artists—Wood or Al Capp, for instance—can at least see the flaws in ALL sides of the argument.

Gary Aspenberg

Witzend welcomes contributions of material on all sides of the subject the artist is concerned with. It can't be denied that Steve Ditko has a point of view, and the talent necessary to express it well. Jim Steranko's portfolio of drawings was well received, but this publication will not be overbalanced as a showcase for virtuoso feathering, personal exorcizes, or even Naked Girls. The only thing it will be overbalanced with is pictures.

Three months ago I sent you a dollar for the current issue of Witzend. Well, I didn't get it. Either send me your magazine or return my dollar.

Paul Pooper

Here is a prime example of that old favorite, the "Where-is-it" letter. Many of you have embellished the above straightforward demand into diatribes of astounding proportions. Sure you're mad!—We understand. Why, if TV GUIDE showed up late, the whole week would be out of

whack. There you'd be tuning in to Dizzy Lucy for the show where she gets mad at Dumpy Ethyl because her cake fell but in the end they eat cheeze and instead you find the show where Dumpy Ethyl gets her mop stuck in the clothes hamper and you already SAW that episode twice and you CERTAINLY don't want to see it again.

Fortunately, in the entire glorious history of TV GUIDE, not one issue has missed its delivery date. And if TV GUIDE can show up on time, why not WITZEND?

Fact is, our executive subscription fulfillment director and entire subscription fulfillment staff (during our extensive interoffice executive re-shuffling) consists of old Jake, the wino, who works for a pint a week and a free bunk on top of our pile of back issues. Fact is, old Jake is the only person east of the Big Muddy who'll work for those wages, which corresponds precisely with what we can afford to pay.

So old Jake does his very best, and really is quite conscientious about his responsibilities, except for one minor flaw. As it happens, he's a sensitive old codger, and, though no personal insult or affront can stay his arthritic hands, I myself have seen him break down and cry like a baby upon opening a particularly abusive "Where-is-it" letter—Yes, I have seen this man collapse with grief and be completely unable to function for the remainder of the day. And who could blame him.

Naturally this can, upon occasion, tie up your orders for weeks—even months!

Remember, friends, patience is next to godliness, and we all know what godliness is next to. There is no plot to deprive you of your copies. They will arrive as soon as it is humanly possible to get them there. Peace be with you.

I would very much like to purchase future issues of your publication, however, I'm afraid that Witzend would have to undergo some changes before I could do so, which would probably not meet with your approval or that of some of your readers. But, seeing as I am a potential subscriber (that sounds better, doesn't it?), if only one, I thought that I would take advantage of the opportunity to write to you and comment.

The changes I mentioned would take the form of less nudity, less suggestiveness and profanity, and less violence (Mr. A!).

Would it be tactless of me to say that if all these things that I find objectionable were to be eliminated from the copy that I have (#4), it would be almost non-existent? Yes?

You have some really great artists represented in your magazine, and I genuinely hate to see these great talents wasted or mis-used. I like good science fiction and fantasy, but seem hard pressed to find any that isn't crude or vulgar. It seems to me that good, clean science fiction would be a lot of fun to write and illustrate, if that doesn't sound too square.

If you ever get tired of being controversial, let me know.

Glenn Palmer

This is a thoughtful letter and deserves an answer. Being "square" has nothing to do with being "conservative." The erratic pendulum of evolution has put the socially conservative on the defensive for the moment, but you are not alone, as you well know, and I'm sure you can find much excellent material elsewhere more suited to your taste.

Everyone's sensibility to the stimuli you list is different and in fact subject to absurd variances within single personalities.

Our courts can only deliver judicial opinions, but most of us can clearly distinguish between vulgar exhibitionism and the tastefully executed figures of Gray Morrow, in this issue, for instance. The depiction of violence is not necessarily a recommendation, nor is the use of profanity. An artist is not a teacher, but a mirror to describe common experience or fantasy. His success or failure depends on the correctness of his interpretations.

Suggestive? Controversial? If all these things were eliminated, there not only wouldn't be a Witzend, there wouldn't be anything.

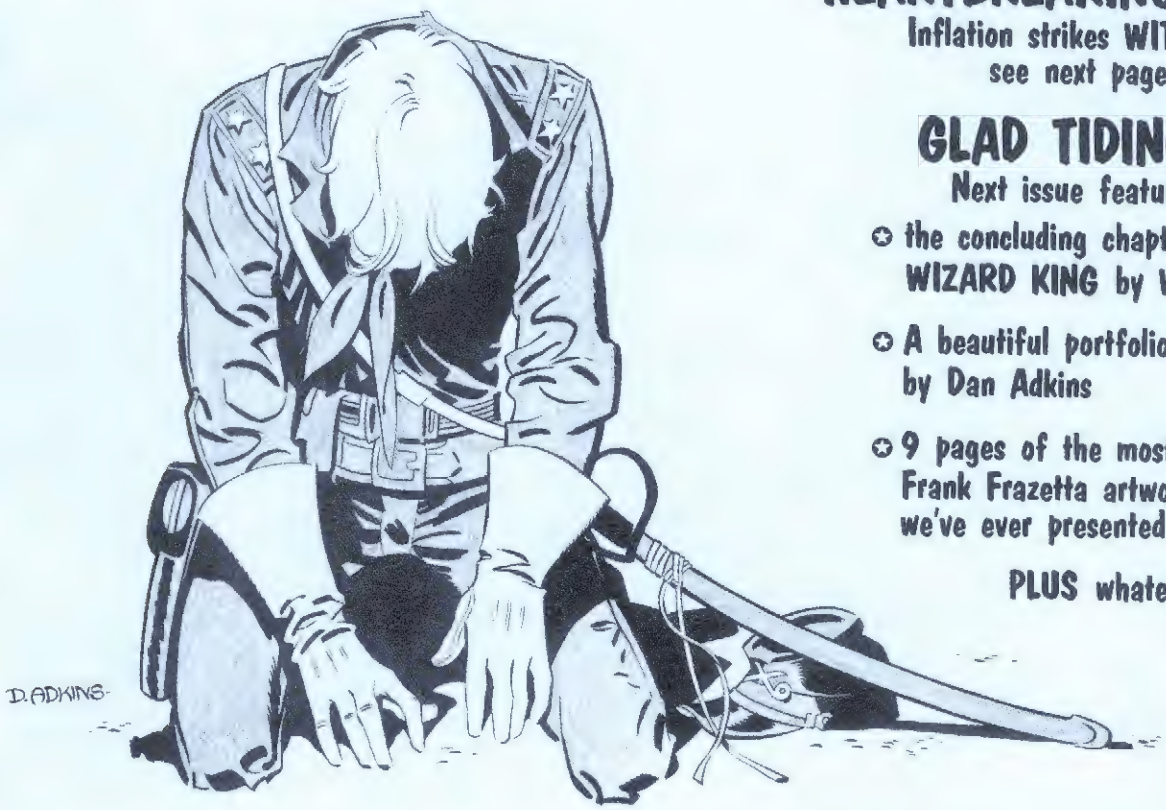
We don't claim to be the fearless Avant-garde, but we do hope our contents will continue to be either alarming or stimulating enough to bring our hedonistic readers back for more.

I thought your LAST issue was bad, but this issue is really ROTTEN! Every issue since the first issue (which certainly wasn't PERFECT) has gotten progressively WORSE!

Please send two copies each of all available back issues, and enter my subscription for the next ten years.

Ding Whipple

Keep those hard-hitting letters of comment coming in, gang!



HEARTBREAKING NEWS!

Inflation strikes WITZEND!

see next page

GLAD TIDINGS!

Next issue features

- **the concluding chapter of the WIZARD KING by Wallace Wood**
- **A beautiful portfolio of drawings by Dan Adkins**
- **9 pages of the most exciting Frank Frazetta artwork we've ever presented**

PLUS whatever else we can manage to squeeze in

So DON'T MISS IT!

Subscriptions

Important Notice

From the first issue, Witzend has just managed to support itself at one dollar per copy. The printing and production costs for a limited circulation magazine do NOT allow margin for a profit. It has come to the point where we're falling behind. As indicated in the letter column, we were intending to use a cheaper printer for this issue, but none could meet the quality standards we demand. We returned to the reliable printer who produced our last issue, and who very kindly agreed to the same terms as before.... It took several months AFTER the issue was produced to make the final payments.

It has taken several MORE months to get together the capital to produce this issue. Obviously, this policy cannot continue.

With regret, we must raise our price to $1.50 per copy, including our rapidly disappearing back issues.

All outstanding subscriptions and orders received PRIOR to April 15th, 1970, will be honored at the old rate, but please limit your orders to one copy per issue.

Effective immediately: Dealers' rates will remain at a 40% discount, or 90c per copy. (25%, Foreign) Payment must accompany orders, as we are not equipped to handle billing.

NOTES NOT COVERED ELSEWHERE:

Witzend #1 will NEVER be reprinted. The original plates were destroyed, the artwork has been returned to the owners, and we prefer expending our efforts on NEW projects. SOME of the material from that issue MIGHT be reprinted someday, but assuming that at least half of the 3000 copies produced have been destroyed by now, that issue IS becoming quite a collector's item. Try to understand that we are NOT just being perverse—soon enough every issue will be out of print, and there's nothing we can do about it.

These issues of

witzend

are available now, but you'd better not delay too long. The first two issues are out of stock, and we don't know where you can find them.

#3

* PIPSQUEAK PAPERS by Wallace Wood
* ERB Portfolio by Reed Crandall
* MR. A by Steve Ditko
* LAST CHANCE by Frank Frazetta

...MORE!

#4

* THE REJECTS by Wallace Wood
* MR. A by Steve Ditko
* WIZARD KING by Wallace Wood
* VIRTUE EVER TRIUMPHANT by Roger Brand

#5

* WIZARD KING by Wallace Wood
* THE JUNKWAFFEL by Vaughn Bode
* TALON by Jim Steranko
* JAF by jaf
* PIPSQUEAK PAPERS by Wallace Wood

#6

* ALIEN by Jeff Jones
* Interview with WILL EISNER
* SPAWN OF VENUS by Wallace Wood
* AVENGING WORLD by Steve Ditko

...MORE!

You may subscribe through issue #8, to reserve your collector's editions hot off the presses.

BOX 882 • ANSONIA STATION
NEW YORK CITY • 10023

Here's my hard earned _____ for issues
3 4 5 6 7 8 at $1.50 a shot.
They'd better be worth it!

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

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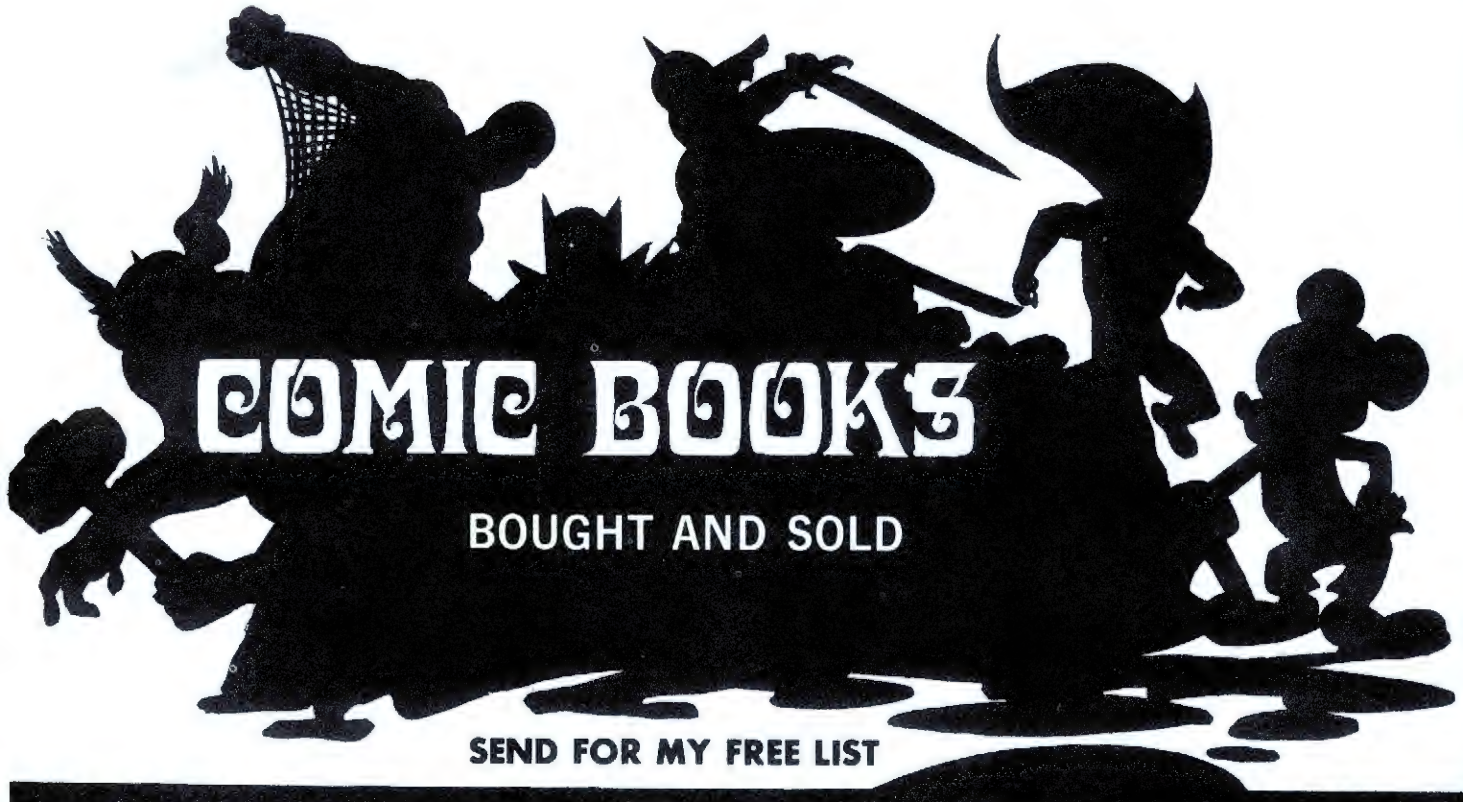

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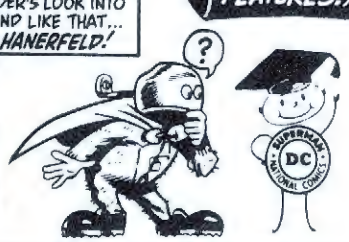

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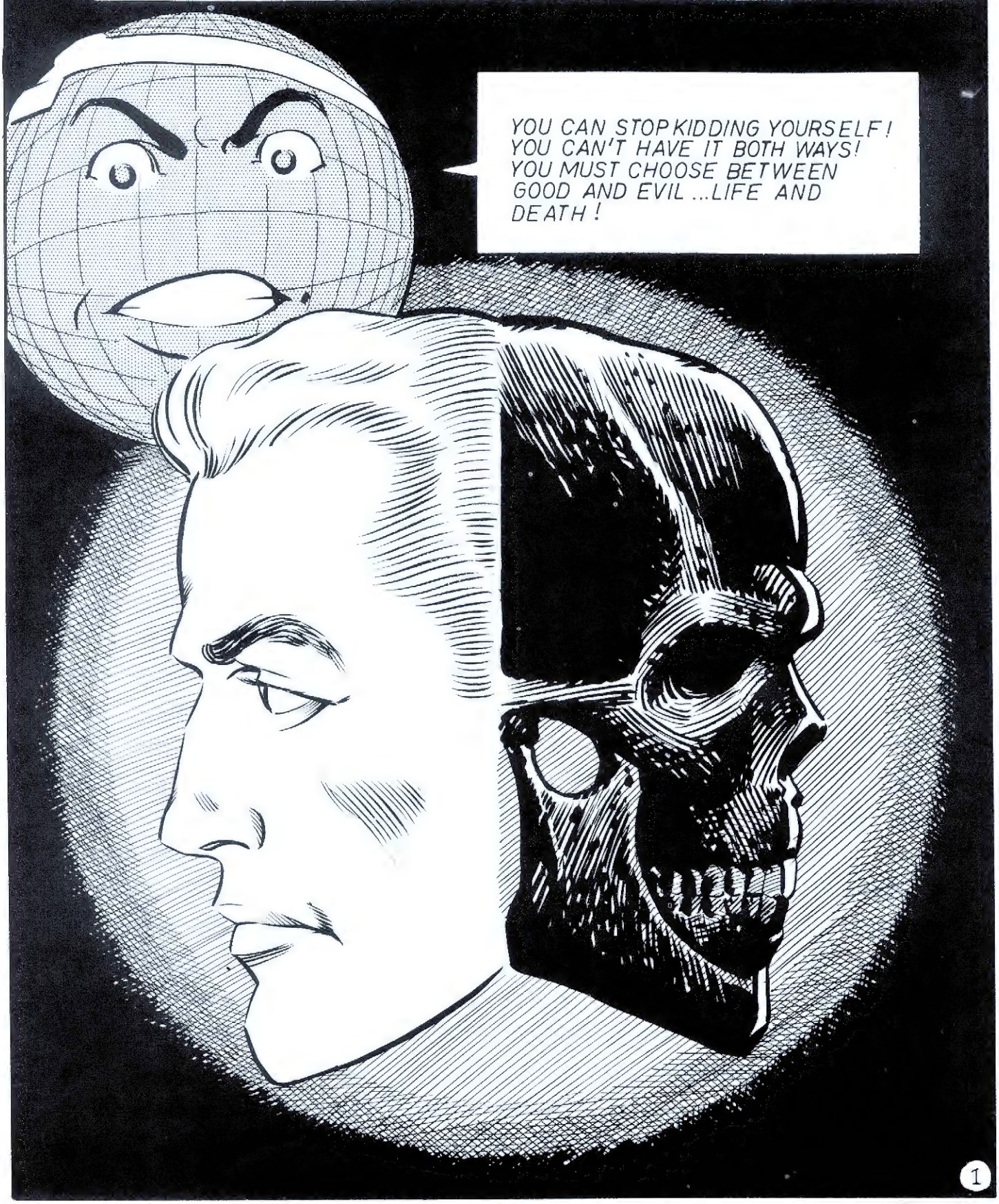
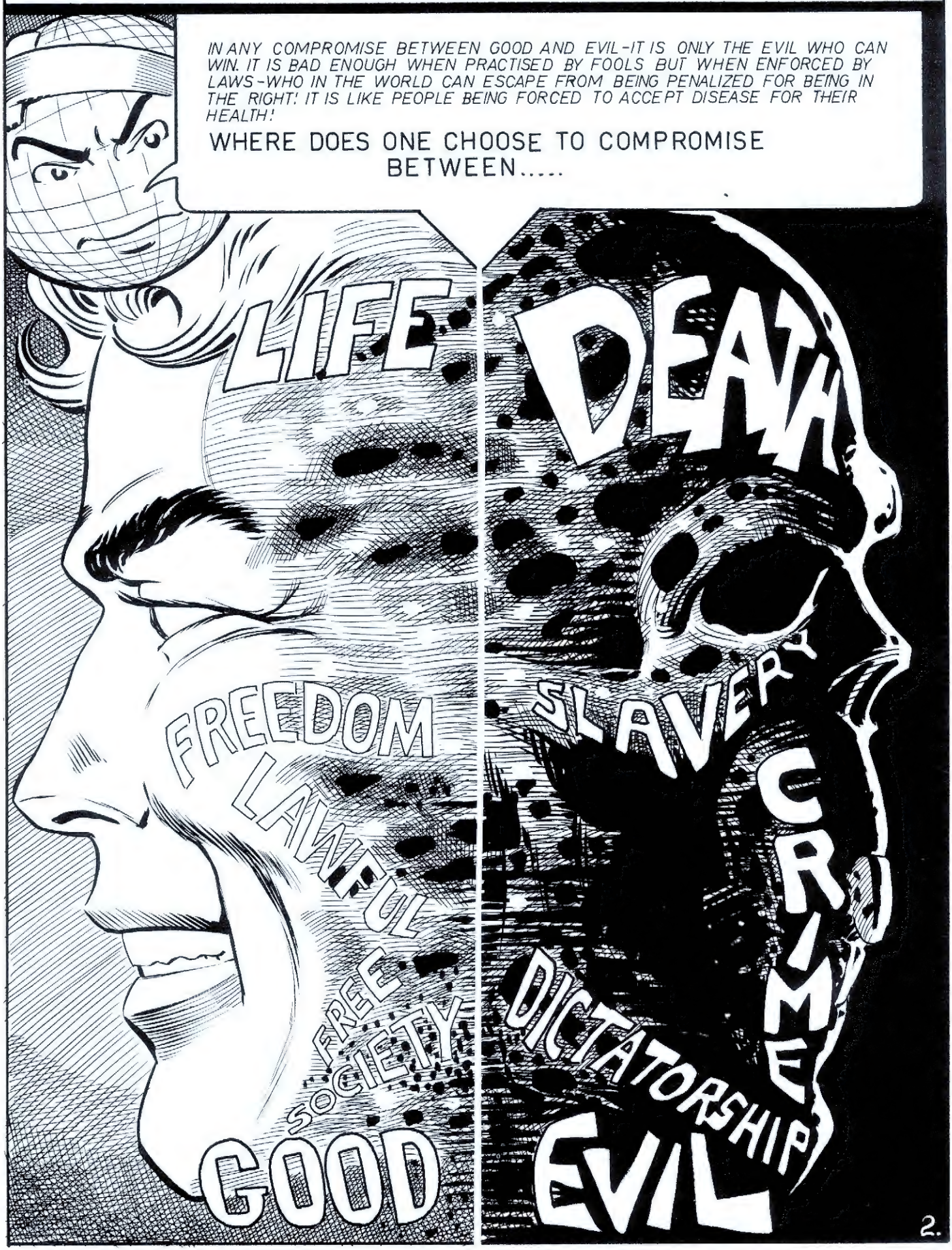
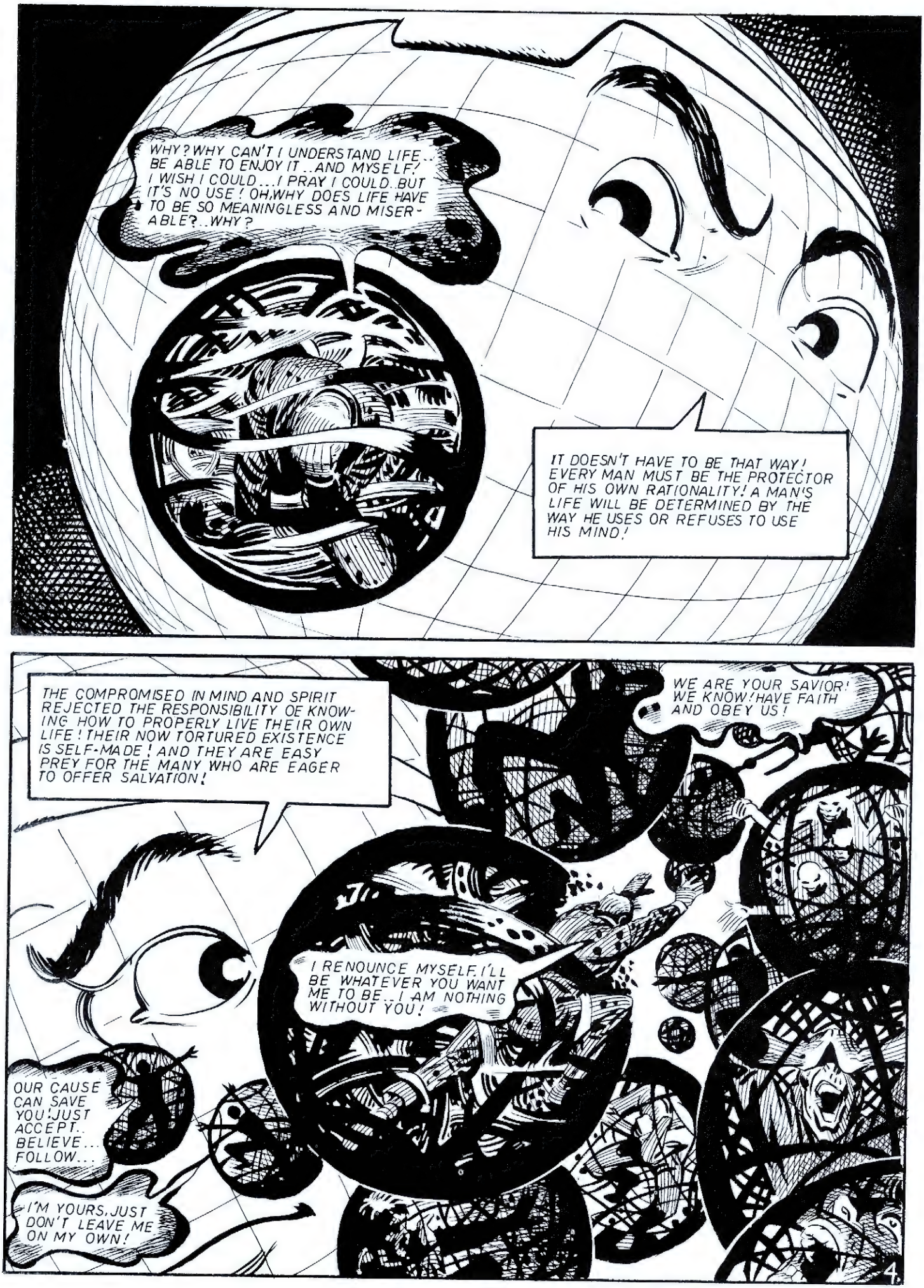


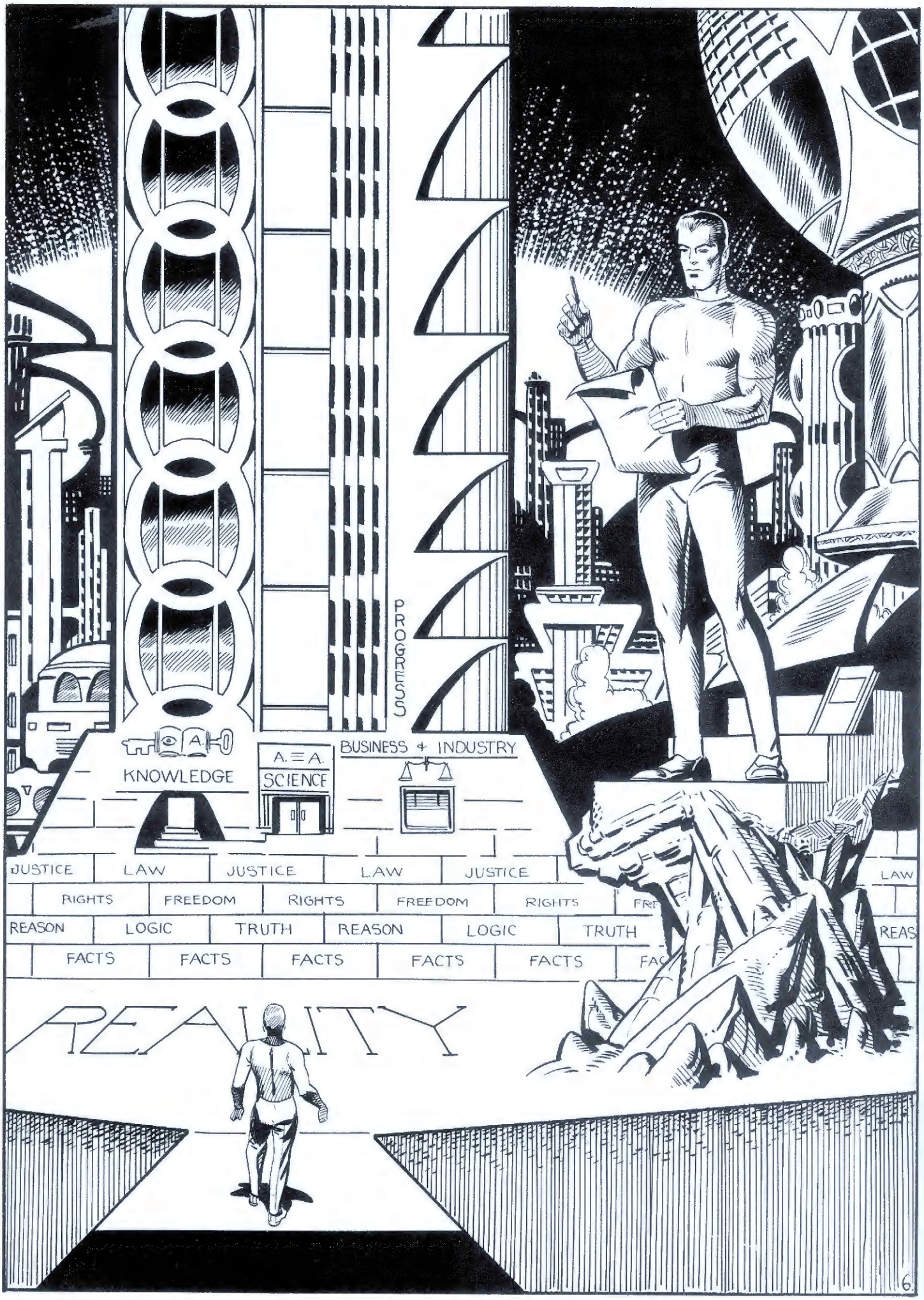
COMPROMISE : 1. A SETTLEMENT IN WHICH EACH SIDE GIVES UP SOME DEMANDS OR MAKES CONCESSIONS. 2. AN ADJUSTMENT OF OPPOSING PRINCIPLES, SYSTEMS ETC. IN WHICH PART OF EACH IS GIVEN UP. SOMETHING MIDWAY BETWEEN DIFFERENT THINGS. websters new world dictionary



MAN'S COMPROMISE IN LIFE...
GIVING UP THE GOOD FOR THE EVIL
GOOD
RATIONALITY
REASON
TRUTH
EVIL
IRRATIONALITY
FAITH
LIES
OH,NO! IT IS INHUMAN TO CLAIM IT'S EITHER ONE OR THE OTHER! A MAN IS NOT A ROBOT!
HE HAS TO SATISFY HIS EMOTIONS,TO DO WHATEVER HE FEELS LIKE DOING! HE DOESN'T NEED ANY REASON!
BESIDES,WHY GO TO EXTREMES OR TAKE ANYTHING TOO SERIOUSLY! IT CAN'T HURT TO COMPROMISE!
A GUY GETS ALONG BETTER THAT WAY! IT MAKES HIM MORE HUMAN!
FEAR
BELIEVE
DOUBT
ARBITRARY
CONFUSION
ACCEPT
I FEEL SO CONFUSED...SO HELPLESS. THERE IS NO WAY TO KNOW...TO BE SURE OF ANYTHING! NOTHING MAKES SENSE...IT IS ALL SO MEANINGLESS...AND FRIGHTENING....
FAITH
LOGIC
DOWN
A IS B
DISTORTION
UP
STANDARDS
UNCERTAINTY
REASON IMPOSSIBLE
FACTS
NO PROOF
FAITH
ALL ONE
WE
THEY'RE RIGHT! TO EXIST IS TO BE DOOMED TO MISERY! MAN IS JUST A HELPLESS INSIGNIFICANT SPECK OF FLESH ON AN EVIL WORLD IN AN UNKNOWABLE UNIVERSE! WHO--WHERE CAN A MAN TURN TO FOR COMFORT...PROTECTION--PITY...
WHO CAN SAY
DON'T QUESTION
3


WHY? WHY CAN'T I UNDERSTAND LIFE.. BE ABLE TO ENJOY IT..AND MYSELF! I WISH I COULD...I PRAY I COULD..BUT IT'S NO USE! OH,WHY DOES LIFE HAVE TO BE SO MEANINGLESS AND MISERABLE?..WHY?
IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THAT WAY! EVERY MAN MUST BE THE PROTECTOR OF HIS OWN RATIONALITY! A MAN'S LIFE WILL BE DETERMINED BY THE WAY HE USES OR REFUSES TO USE HIS MIND!
THE COMPROMISED IN MIND AND SPIRIT REJECTED THE RESPONSIBILITY OF KNOWING HOW TO PROPERLY LIVE THEIR OWN LIFE! THEIR NOW TORTURED EXISTENCE IS SELF-MADE! AND THEY ARE EASY PREY FOR THE MANY WHO ARE EAGER TO OFFER SALVATION!
WE ARE YOUR SAVIOR! WE KNOW! HAVE FAITH AND OBEY US!
I RENOUNCE MYSELF. I'LL BE WHATEVER YOU WANT ME TO BE..I AM NOTHING WITHOUT YOU!
OUR CAUSE CAN SAVE YOU! JUST ACCEPT.. BELIEVE... FOLLOW...
I'M YOURS, JUST DON'T LEAVE ME ON MY OWN!
4.

WE'RE THE MASTERS!
WE MUST ENSLAVE PEOPLE FOR THEIR OWN GOOD!
WE'RE THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE!
EARTH IS EVIL... MAN IS SINFUL. HAPPINESS LIES IN THE HERE-AFTER!
IT'S RULE OR BE RULED!
OUR RACE OUR „GANG OUR „RIGHTS"
TAKE WHAT YOU WANT
OUR KIND
COME ON! GET YOUR SHARE OF WHAT SOME ONE ELSE EARNS
SOCIALISM
OUR BRAND
THIS VARIATION
5.


PROGRESS
A.
KNOWLEDGE
A. ≡ A.
SCIENCE
BUSINESS + INDUSTRY
JUSTICE
LAW
JUSTICE
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JUSTICE
LAW
RIGHTS
FREEDOM
RIGHTS
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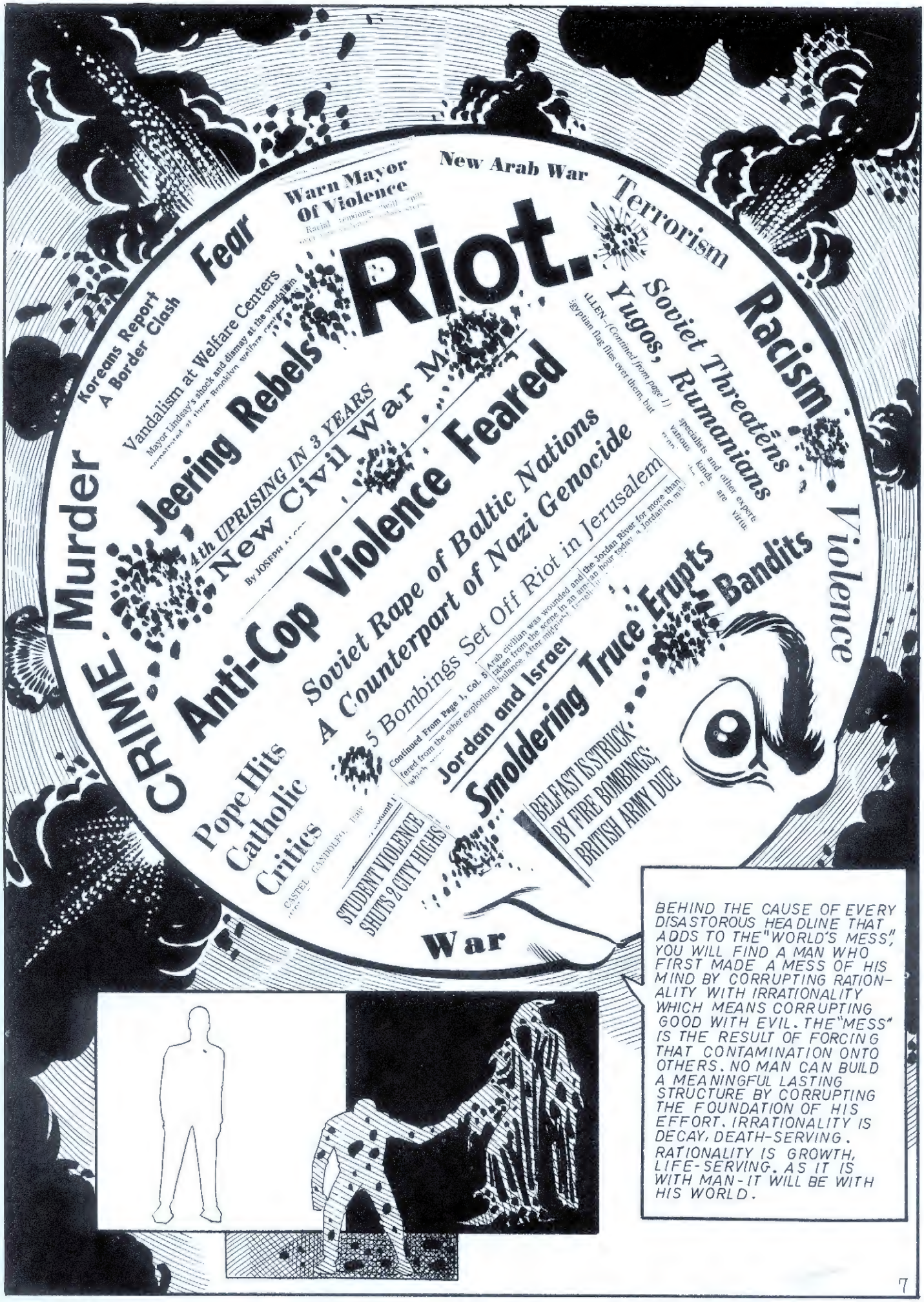
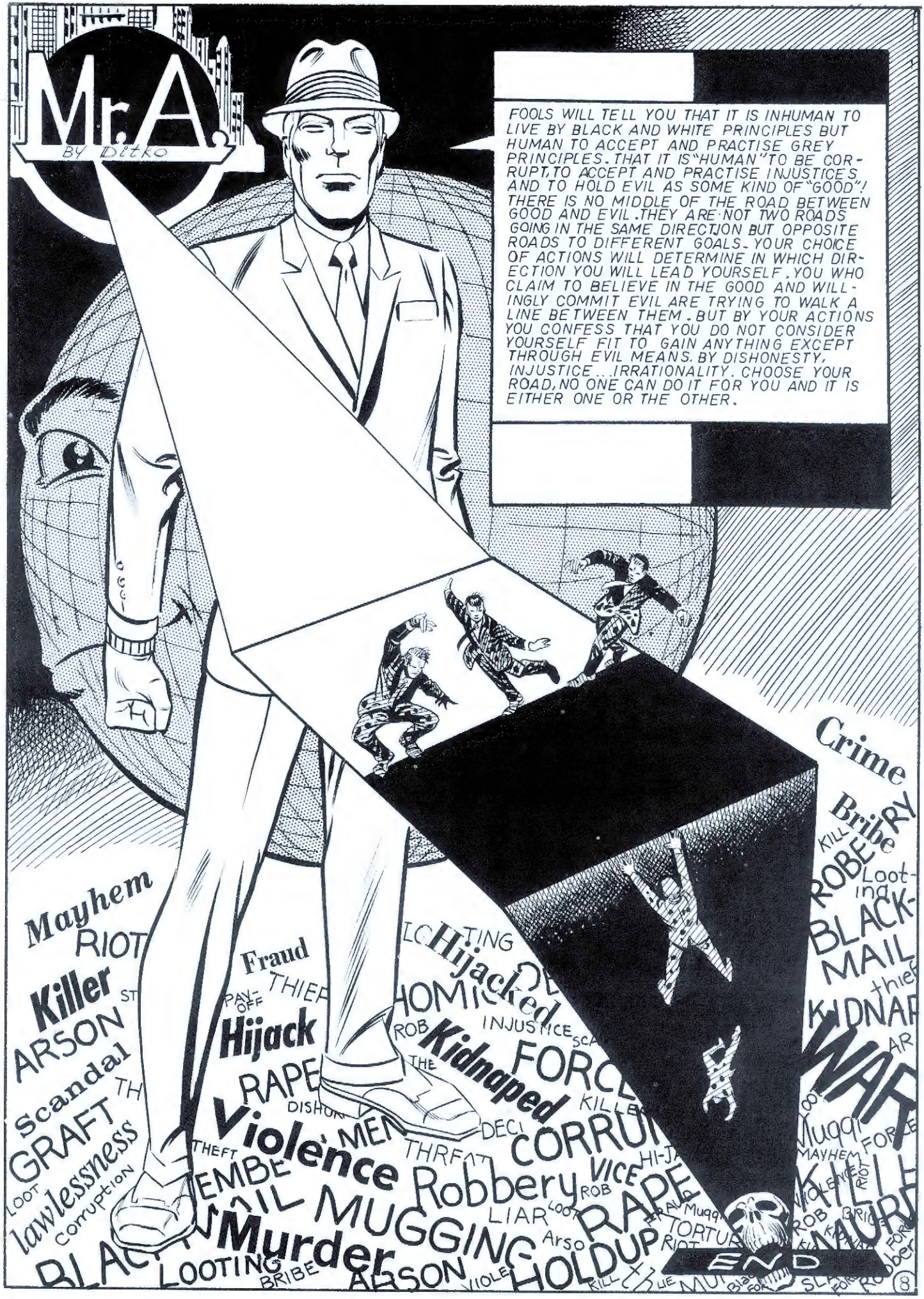
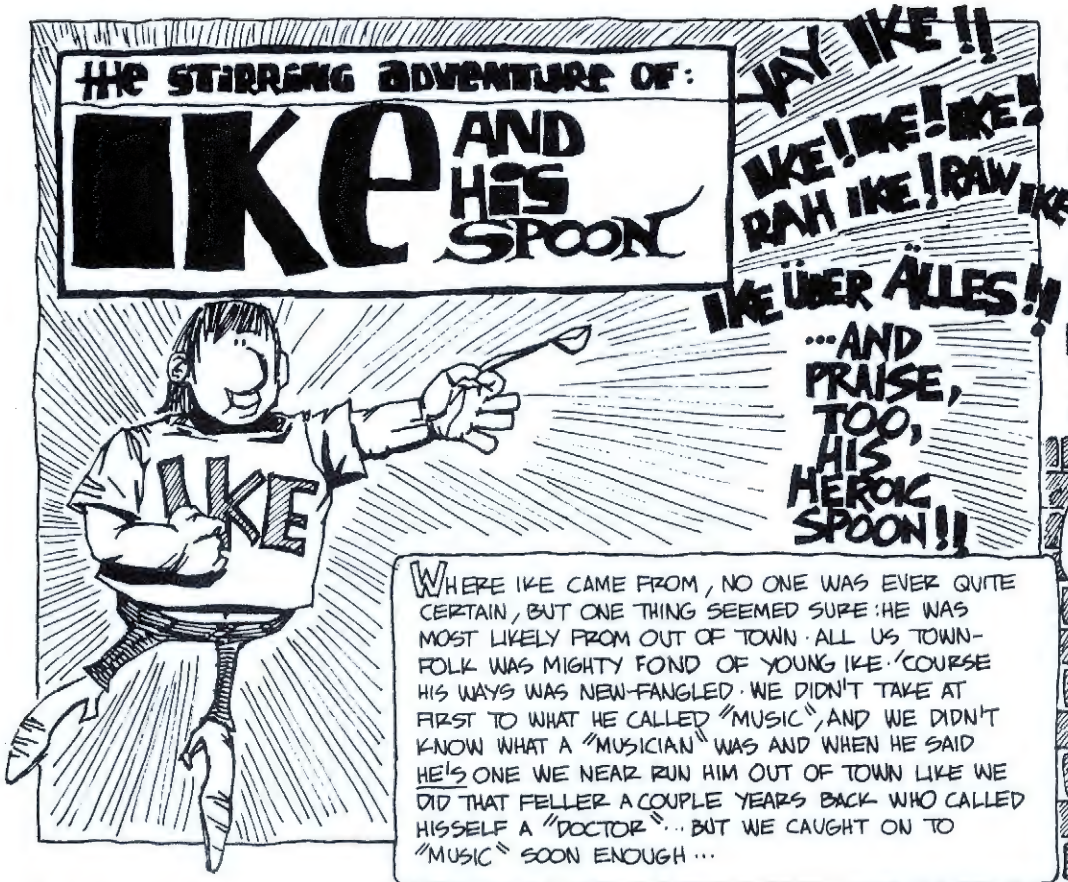
6



BEHIND THE CAUSE OF EVERY DISASTEROUS HEADLINE THAT ADDS TO THE "WORLD'S MESS", YOU WILL FIND A MAN WHO FIRST MADE A MESS OF HIS MIND BY CORRUPTING RATIONALITY WITH IRRATIONALITY WHICH MEANS CORRUPTING GOOD WITH EVIL. THE "MESS" IS THE RESULT OF FORCING THAT CONTAMINATION ONTO OTHERS. NO MAN CAN BUILD A MEANINGFUL LASTING STRUCTURE BY CORRUPTING THE FOUNDATION OF HIS EFFORT. IRRATIONALITY IS DECAY, DEATH-SERVING. RATIONALITY IS GROWTH, LIFE-SERVING. AS IT IS WITH MAN - IT WILL BE WITH HIS WORLD.


Mr. A.
BY Ditko
FOOLS WILL TELL YOU THAT IT IS INHUMAN TO LIVE BY BLACK AND WHITE PRINCIPLES BUT HUMAN TO ACCEPT AND PRACTISE GREY PRINCIPLES. THAT IT IS "HUMAN" TO BE CORRUPT, TO ACCEPT AND PRACTISE INJUSTICES AND TO HOLD EVIL AS SOME KIND OF "GOOD"! THERE IS NO MIDDLE OF THE ROAD BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL. THEY ARE NOT TWO ROADS GOING IN THE SAME DIRECTION BUT OPPOSITE ROADS TO DIFFERENT GOALS. YOUR CHOICE OF ACTIONS WILL DETERMINE IN WHICH DIRECTION YOU WILL LEAD YOURSELF. YOU WHO CLAIM TO BELIEVE IN THE GOOD AND WILLINGLY COMMIT EVIL ARE TRYING TO WALK A LINE BETWEEN THEM. BUT BY YOUR ACTIONS YOU CONFESS THAT YOU DO NOT CONSIDER YOURSELF FIT TO GAIN ANYTHING EXCEPT THROUGH EVIL MEANS. BY DISHONESTY, INJUSTICE... IRRATIONALITY. CHOOSE YOUR ROAD, NO ONE CAN DO IT FOR YOU AND IT IS EITHER ONE OR THE OTHER.
Crime
Bribe
Mayhem
RIOT
Killer
ARSON
Scandal
GRAFT
lawlessness
Corruption
Fraud
Hijack
Hijacked
Kidnaped
Violence
Robbery
MUGGING
Murder
LOOTING
BRIBE
ARSON
HOLDUP
RAPE
VICE
LIAR
INJUSTICE
ROB
THEFT
DECI
Looting
BLACK-MAIL
WAR
END
8

The Stirring Adventure of: IKE AND HIS SPOON



WHERE IKE CAME FROM, NO ONE WAS EVER QUITE CERTAIN, BUT ONE THING SEEMED SURE: HE WAS MOST LIKELY FROM OUT OF TOWN. ALL US TOWN-FOLK WAS MIGHTY FOND OF YOUNG IKE. 'COURSE HIS WAYS WAS NEW-FANGLED. WE DIDN'T TAKE AT FIRST TO WHAT HE CALLED "MUSIC", AND WE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT A "MUSICIAN" WAS AND WHEN HE SAID HE'S ONE WE NEAR RUN HIM OUT OF TOWN LIKE WE DID THAT FELLER A COUPLE YEARS BACK WHO CALLED HISSELF A "DOCTOR"... BUT WE CAUGHT ON TO "MUSIC" SOON ENOUGH...

...IN FACT, HE SOON HAD US KNOWIN' WHAT "SCALES" WERE... AND THEN WHEN HE LEARNED US THE "ALPHABET" SONG (KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE) FOR A TOWN ANTHEM, WE ALMOST ELECTED HIM TO BE PRESIDENT. BUT OL' HUMBLE IKE SAID HIS SELL-OUT CONCERTS KEPT HIM CONTENT WITH THE SIMPLE PLEASURES.

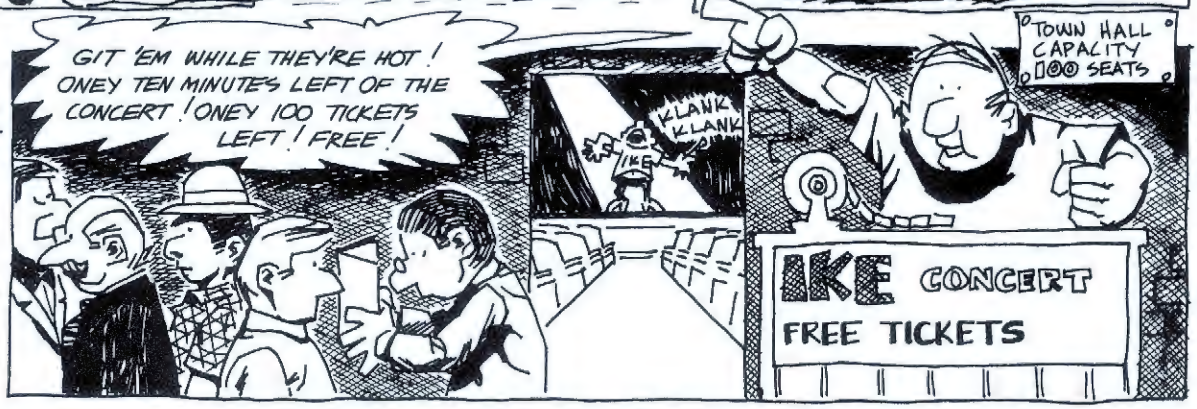
HOW WE ALL LOVED THAT BOY! AN' HOW SAD WE ALL WAS WHEN HE, IN DESPAIR, TURNED HIS BACK ON A BRILLIANT MUSICAL FUTURE...

Roger Brand
January 1968

OL' IKE COME AMBLIN' INTO TOWN ONE DAY (WITH HIS SPOON, NATURAL) AND RIGHT OFF WE'S CURIOUS. WE SAW THAT STRANGE SPOON... THE ALIEN, OUT-OF-TOWN LOOK AND WE ALL WONDER: "IS YOU A BOY OR A GIRL?"... PLUS WHO WAS HE. HE CLUMB UP ON THE MAYOR'S SPEECHIN' PLATFORM AND ANSWERED:

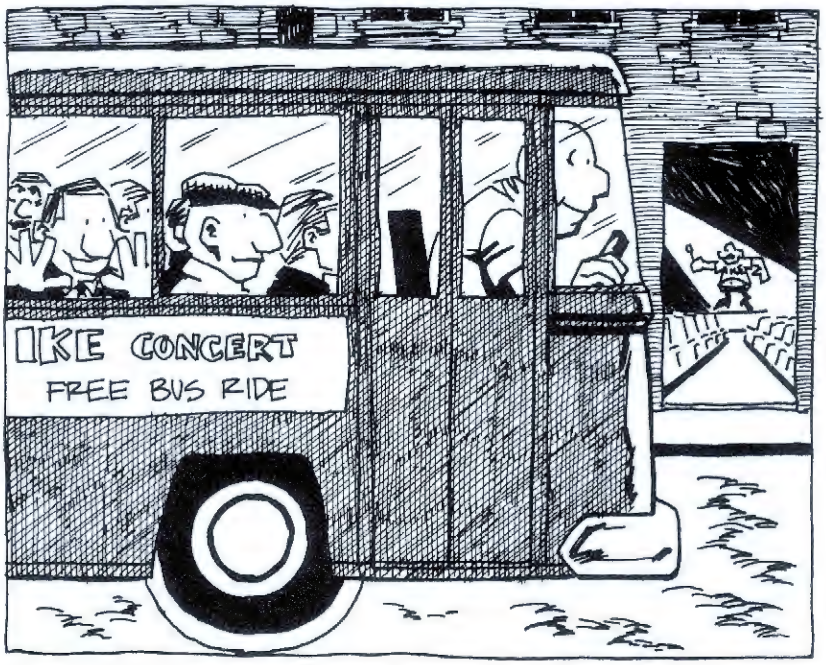
IKE BROUGHT AN ASSISTANT WITH HIM NAMED "MAYBE". "MAYBE" WAS HONEST AND LOYAL AND SO OF COURSE HE WASN'T LONG ON BRAINS.

IKE HAD TO BAIL OUT "MAYBE" EVERY NOW AND THEN, BUT BIG-HEARTED IKE DIDN'T MIND 'CAUSE HE USED "MAYBE'S" SALARY.
...THAT NIGHT WAS THE FIRST CONCERT IN THE TOWN HALL. IT WAS A MODEST BEGINNING...



SOON, HOWEVER, THE YOUTH OF THE TOWN, 'SPECIALLY THE GIRLS, BEGIN T'PAY ATTENTION TO IKE. HE HAD SOME INDEFINABLE SOMETHIN' THEY YEARNED FOR.

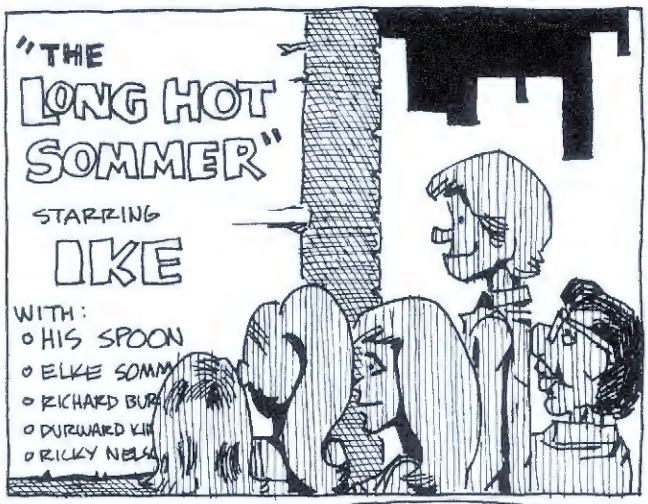
...PURTY SOON THE "IKE MYSTIQUE" (SOME O' THE SARCASTIC REPLYERS CALLED IT THE "IKE MISTAKE" HARHAR CHUCKLE!...MMPH) ...HAD TOOK HOLD. IKE WAS PLAYIN' TO AUDIENCES THAT THREATENED TO FILL TOWN HALL! AND BEFORE LONG HE HAD PEOPLE COMIN' IN FROM OTHER TOWNS!



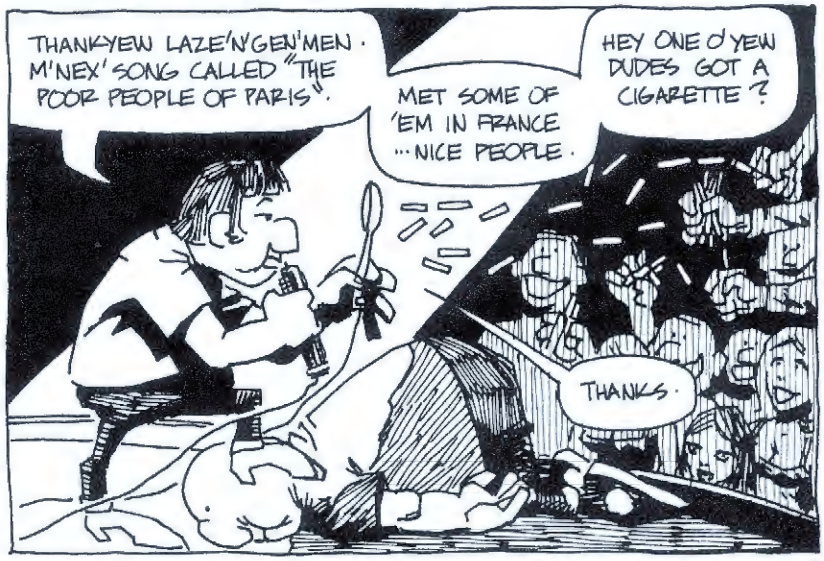
...FIRST THING YOU KNOW THERE'S A "IKE FAN CLUB".

THEN IKE WENT "ELECTRIC". LAW, HOW THE CROWDS WENT WILD! "WHAT'LL HE DO NEXT?" THEY ASKED. HE HAD 'EM WHERE HE WANTED 'EM. ...BESIDES ELECTRIC SPOON, IKE WAS AN ACCOMPLISHED VIRTUOSO ON ELECTRIC FORK, ELECTRIC BUTTER-KNIFE, AND ELECTRIC HERRING-SPEAR.

FROM THEN ON IT WAS JES' ONWARD'N'UPWARD. SOON IKE WAS APPEARIN' ON THE TV, HIS RECORDS WAS BOUGHT BY AUDIENCES OF INNERNATIONALS, THEY WAS STARRIN' HIM IN MOVIES ... WHOOIEEE!!



YEP, WEREN'T NO DOUBT. IKE WERE A WORLD-WIDE PHEENOMENON. YET HUMBLE IKE NEVER GOT "SNOOTY" OR FORGOT HIS FRIENDS.



THOUGH THOUSANDS OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS THREW THEMSELVES AT HIS FEET, IKE SOMEHOW WEREN'T INTERESTED IN 'EM. IT WAS AS THOUGH HE WAS WAITIN' FOR THE RIGHT ONE TO COME ALONG. HE NEVER FORGOT THE TEACHIN'S OF HIS MAMA: "SON, YOU'VE NOTHING TO FEAR IN LIFE BUT SIN AND FUN AND PLEASURE ETC."

AN' THEN IT HAPPENED. IT WAS WHEN IKE WAS ON TOUR IN CALIFORNIA, IN THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT OF DOWNTOWN SUNNY SOUTH EL SOBRANTE, THAT HE MET... HER!!

HER NAME WAS DARBY··· COOL, QUIET, ENIGMATIC DARBY· HER AND IKE JES' SEEMED TO DRIFT TOGETHER LIKE UNTO A PAIR OF EELECTRO-MAGNETS·

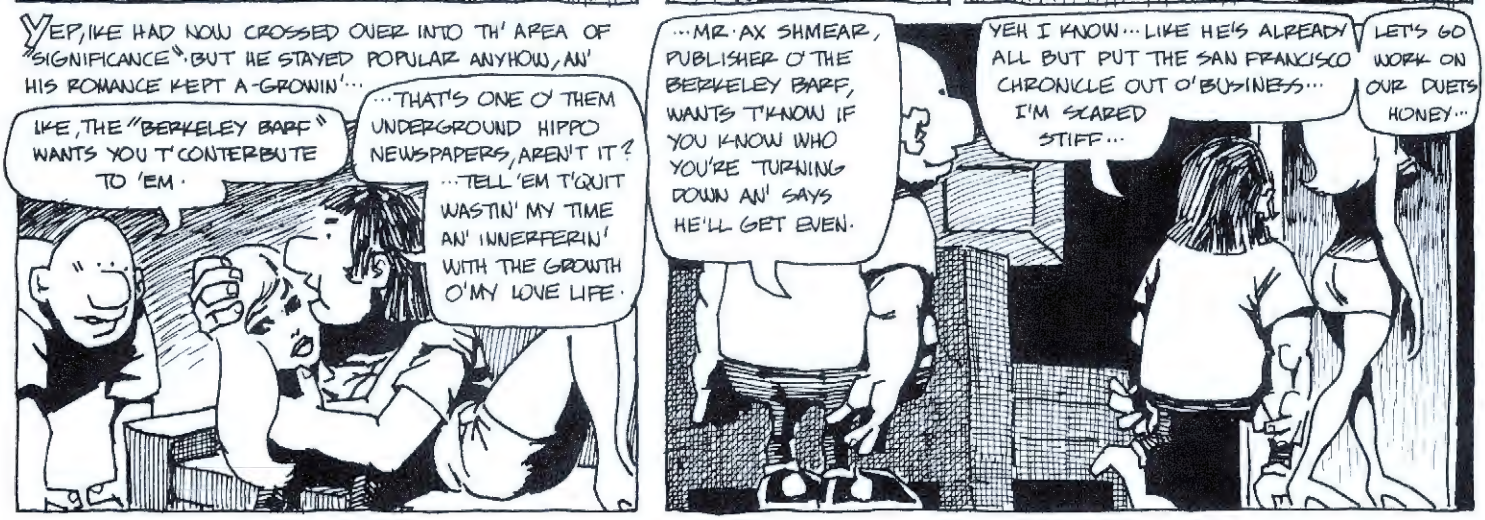
···'COURSE NEEDLESS TO SAY, DARBY HAD A PASSEL O' SUITORS HER OWN SELF, BUT SHE UP'N' SENT 'EM PACKIN' WHEN SHE MET IKE·

···YEP, IKE'N' DARBY WAS IN LOVE· BROKE THE HEARTS O' LOTS O' HIS PURTY LI'L GAL FANS ···

···BUT IT DIDN'T SEEM T' HURT HIS POPULARITY NONE· EVER' BLESSET GAL JES' PINED FOR THEIR LOST LOVE AN' WISHED THEY WAS DARBY· 'BOUT THIS TIME A CHANGE COME OVER IKE···

NO LONGER CONTENT TO CONFINE HIS MATERIAL TO THE SUBJECT-MATTER OF ROCK'N'ROLL, HE NOW SOUGHT T'BE INSPIRATED BY THE GREAT POETS···HIS SONGS BECAME SURREALISTIC SHEETS OF SOUND, NOT IMMEDIATELY COMPREHENSIBLE, BUT YET CARRYING WITH THEM UNMISTAKABLY CONCRETE MOOD-SENSE-IMPRESSIONS···

YEP, IKE HAD NOW CROSSED OVER INTO TH' AREA OF "SIGNIFICANCE". BUT HE STAYED POPULAR ANYHOW, AN' HIS ROMANCE KEPT A-GROWIN'···



BY THIS TIME IKE WAS A MULTIMILLIONAIRE · HIM AN' DARBY WAS THE "SONNY AN' CHER" OF MUSIC · THE WHOLE WORLD FOLLOWED 'EM AN' IMITATED 'EM · THE "IKE AN' DARBY" LOOK WAS THE RAGE OF GAY PAREE AN' EVERYPLACE ELSE · IKE WAS HAPPY ·

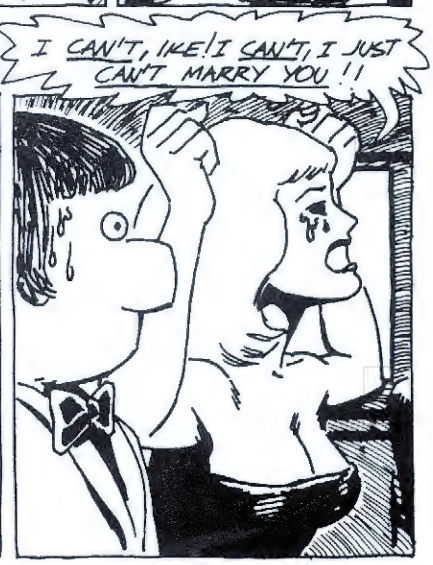
DARBY WAS DOIN' ALL RIGHT, TOO ··· WHAT WITH MODELING ASSIGNMENTS, ACTING, AN' RECORDINGS ON HER OWN (NATURAL WITH MATERIAL WHIT BY IKE). BY THIS TIME THEY HAD TO FORM A CORPORATION ·

··· 'COURSE NOW IKE WAS MORE WRAPPED UP IN HIS ART THAN EVER · HE WAS COMPOSIN' AN' RECORDIN', ETC., FRANTICALLY ·

··· AN' THEN ··· FINALLY ··· WHAT EVERYONE, WORLD-WIDE, FIGGERED WOULD HAPPEN ··· IKE ANNOUNCED:

THE DATE WAS SET FOR A MONTH LATER, JUNE 14TH · ALL THE WILD EXCITEMENT REGARDING IKE WAS REACHING A RECORD 137° FEVER PITCH · IT WERE ALMOST AS IF SOME SORT O' CLIMAX WAS BEIN' RUSHED TOWARD · IKE'S LIFE WAS NOW A WHIRLWIND FRENZY O' ACTIVITY ·

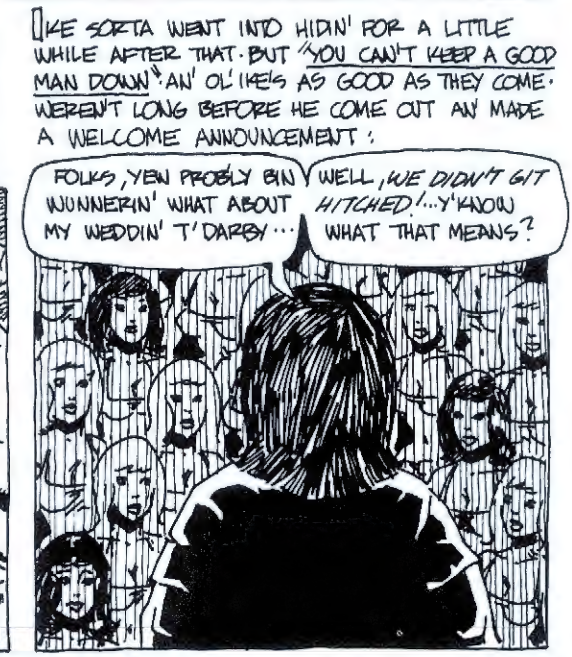
··· AN' THEN ··· COME THE BIG DAY! IKE AN' DARBY WAS ON THEIR WAY TO THE CHURCH ··· BUT AT THAT MOMENT—



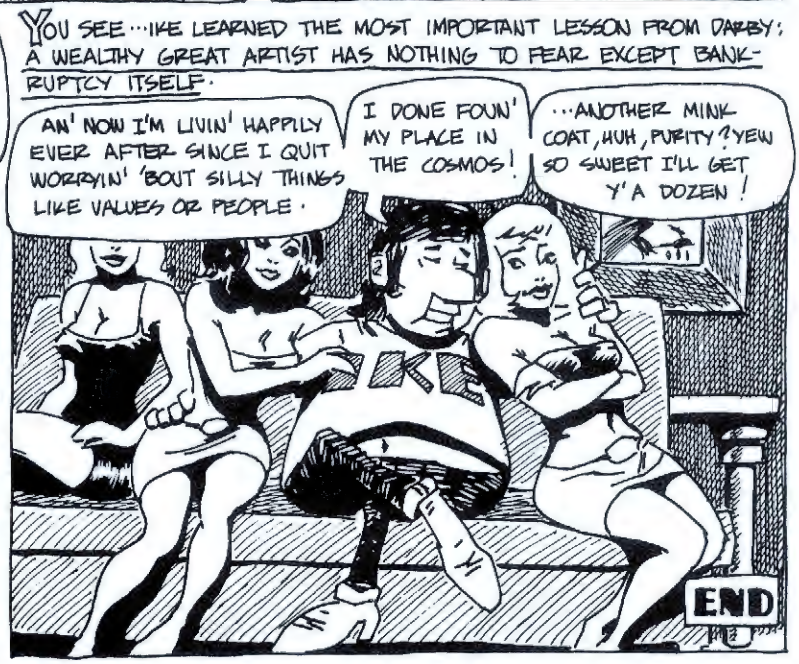
WHAT ... ARE YOU ... TALKIN' ABOUT ... ?
... I CAN'T ! I CAN'T - DON'T YOU SEE ? ... YOU'RE SO DEEP IN YOUR MUSIC ... YOU DON'T NEED ME, I'D, I'D ONLY ... HOLD YOU BACK, YOU CAN'T GET MARRIED NOW ... I CAN'T MARRY YOU —
... CAN'T YOU SEE ? IT HASN'T BEEN RIGHT, IT NEVER HAS ! WE WERE ONLY DRAWN TO EACH OTHER BECAUSE WE WERE SO MYSTERIOUS TO EACH OTHER ... BUT IT HASN'T BEEN REAL, WHAT'LL HAPPEN WHEN THE NOVELTY WEARS OFF ... ? - OH IKE, BELIEVE ME, I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THIS ...
I'VE GOT TO GO NOW. TRY TO UNDER-STAND ... YOU'LL GET OVER ME ... IN TIME ... AND I'LL GET OVER YOU ...
OH ... IKE -- ... I'M SORRY -
GOODBYE IKE
WAIT. DARBY
ONE QUESTION.
D' YOU ... LOVE ME ?
...
NO
GOODBYE IKE

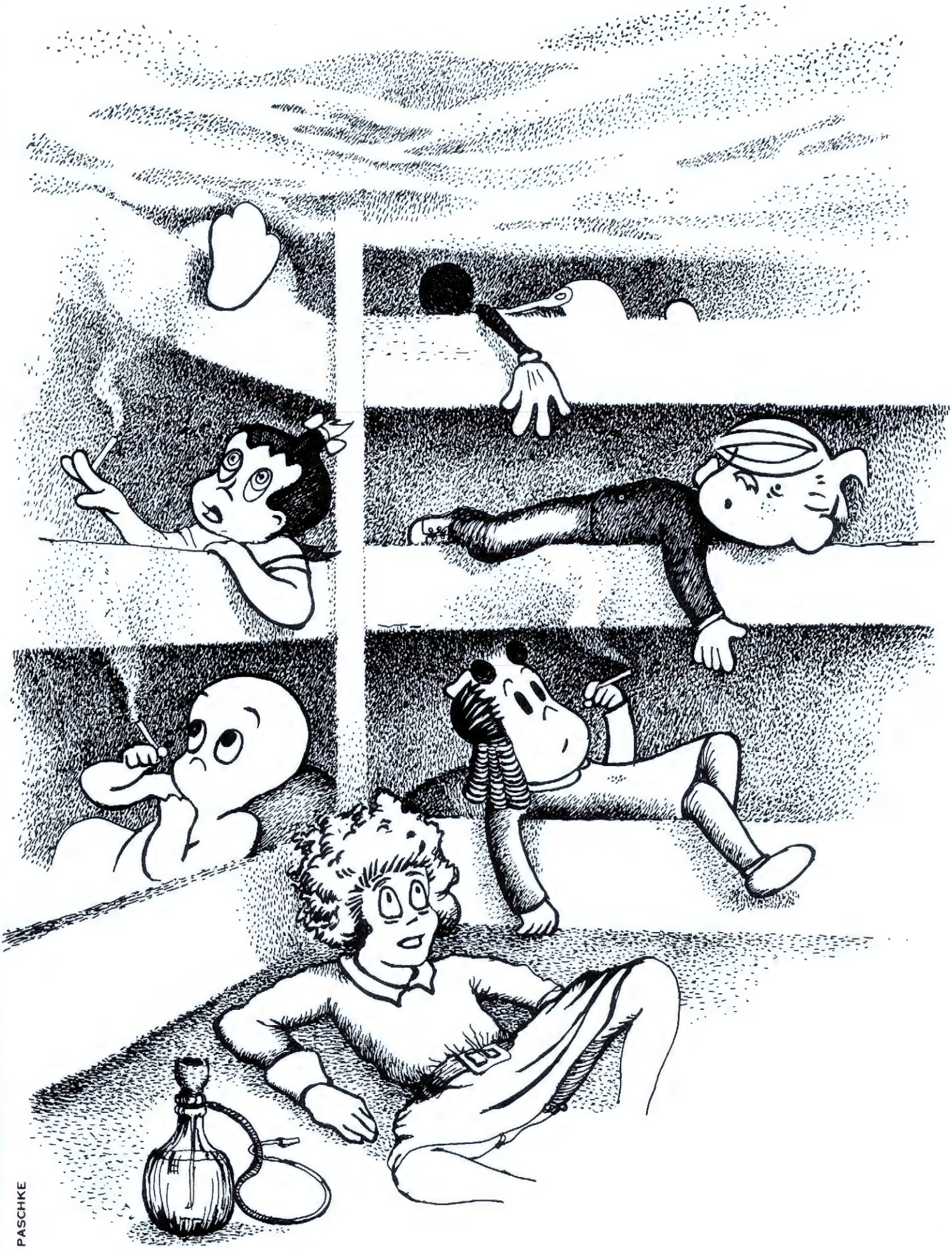
IKE WAS THUNDERSTRUCK. HE WENT BACK HOME AN' TOL' "MAYBE" THE WEDDING'S OFF. "MAYBE" TRIED TO CHEER 'IM UP, BUT WEREN'T NO USE ...
YOU KIN HAVE MY GIRL-FRIEND, BOSS ...
GOOD OL' "MAYBE". THANKS, OL' FRIEND ... BUT YOU KEEP YER GIRL-FRIEND —
IKE

"MAYBE" ... I WANT Y' TO TAKE THIS SPOON OUT AN' MELT IT DOWN FOR SILVER.
SOB
SURE BOSS


IKE SORTA WENT INTO HIDIN' FOR A LITTLE WHILE AFTER THAT. BUT "YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN". AN' OL' IKE'S AS GOOD AS THEY COME. WEREN'T LONG BEFORE HE COME OUT AN' MADE A WELCOME ANNOUNCEMENT :
FOLKS, YEW PROBLY BIN WUNNERIN' WHAT ABOUT MY WEDDIN' T' DARBY ...
WELL, WE DIDN'T GIT HITCHED ! ... Y'KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS ?

YAHOO ! IT MEANS WE GOT A CHANCE !!
RIGHT ! EACH 'N' EVERY ONE O' YEW ! ... RELIEF T' SEE SOME OTHER GIRLS BESIDES DARBY.
NOW M' NEX' SONG ... CALLED "RHAPSODY IN INFINITY".
WHUT'S THAT MEAN ?


YOU SEE ... IKE LEARNED THE MOST IMPORTANT LESSON FROM DARBY: A WEALTHY GREAT ARTIST HAS NOTHING TO FEAR EXCEPT BANK-RUPTCY ITSELF.
AN' NOW I'M LIVIN' HAPPILY EVER AFTER SINCE I QUIT WORRYIN' 'BOUT SILLY THINGS LIKE VALUES OR PEOPLE.
I DONE FOUN' MY PLACE IN THE COSMOS !
... ANOTHER MINK COAT, HUH, PURITY ? YEW SO SWEET I'LL GET Y'A DOZEN !
END



ED PASCHKE

LIMPSTREL

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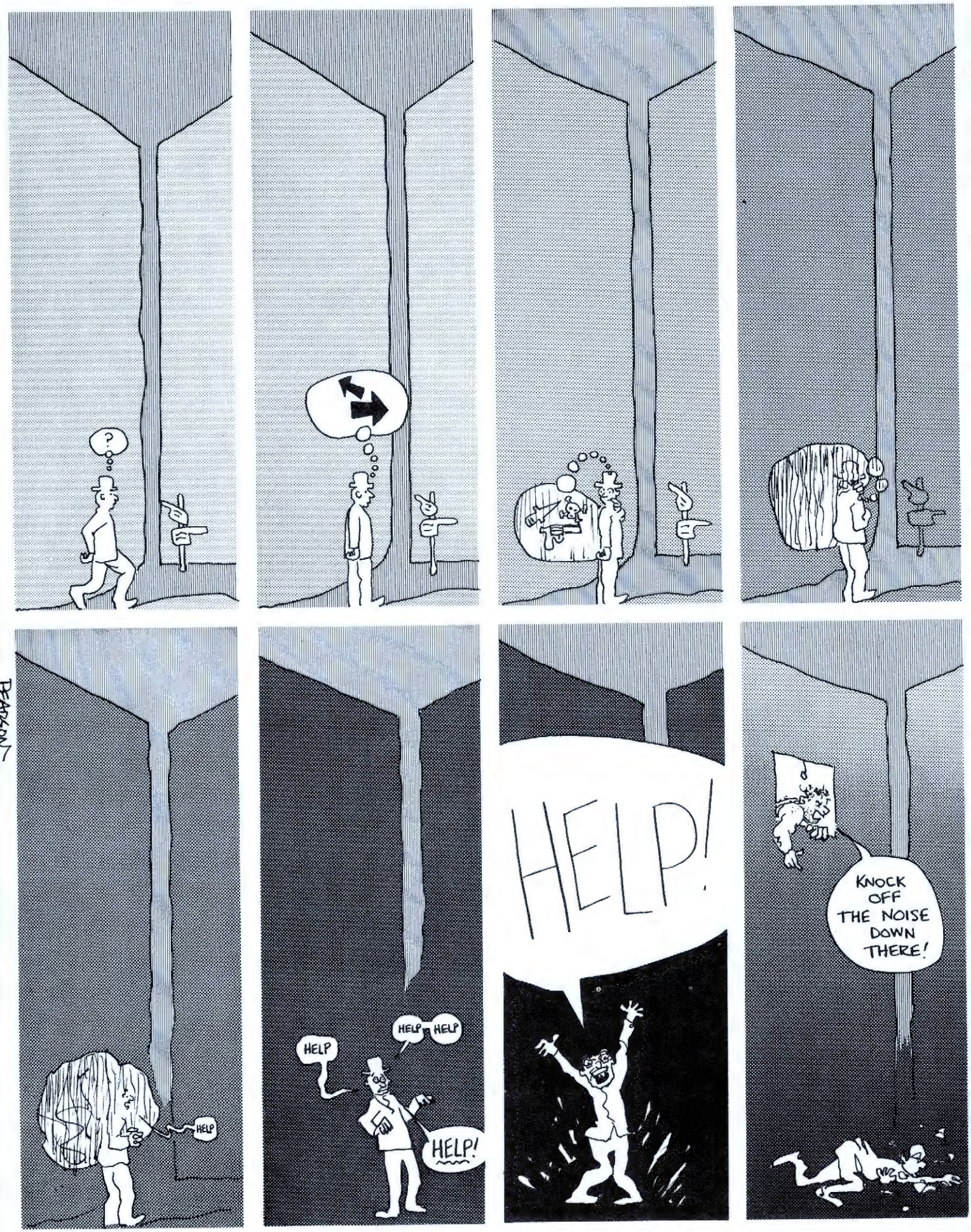
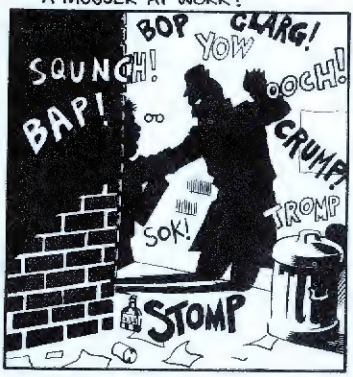
MEMORIZE
THIS
MESSAGE

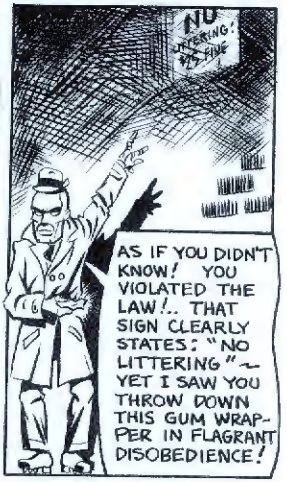

?
HELP
HELP
HELP
HELP!
HELP!
KNOCK OFF THE NOISE DOWN THERE!
PEARSON

AFTER A TYPICAL DALI-ESQUE DIKTATO SPLASH, WE MOVE TO A TYPICAL LITTERED DIKTATO ALLEY, WHERE SICKENING CRUNCHES INTERSPERSE WITH SCREAMS OF AGONY.

A MUGGER AT WORK?



NO — IT'S MR. "E", CRUSADING MORALIST AND AMATEUR ECONOMIST OF THE QUID PRO QUO... DEALING OUT JUSTICE IN HIS OWN UNIQUE WAY.



ACCORDING TO MY LAW, THOSE WHO BREAK THE LAW — ANY LAW — ARE TOTALLY BAD AND EVIL AND MUST PAY THE SUPREME PENALTY! SISTER CARRION TAUGHT ME THAT IN KINDYGARDEN. THEY TEACH YA RIGHT IN KINDYGARDEN...ALLYA LIFE IT STICKS! ANYHOW, THAT'S THE LAW, AND THE LAW IS THE LAW, AFTER ALL, ETC., AD HOC, AD NAUSEUM...

LATER, AS MR. "E" WENDS HIS WAY THROUGH LABYRINTHINE STREETS, HE MUSES...

SOON, IN HIS SNUG ROOM AT THE "Y", "E" REMOVES HIS RIGID, STONY FACEMASK TO REVEAL THE RIGID, STONY FACE BENEATH.

....THAT IN HIS EVERYDAY IDENTITY, MR."E" IS MOE BIRCH, MILD-MANNERED CARTOONIST AND SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER...

B-BUT MR. BIRCH — CHRIST FORGAVE THE THIEVES ON-

GOD IS LOVE

TURN THE OTHER CHEEK, YOU LITTLE BASTARD!!

FLUSHED WITH THE CLEAR VICTORY OF ANOTHER 'IN-DEPTH' DEBATE WITH HIS SECOND GRADE CLASS, THE NEXT EVENING FINDS OUR GRIM HARBINGER OF JUNGLE JUSTICE ONCE AGAIN STALKING THE SHADOWED STREETS ON A RIGHTEOUS MISSION!..

I PROMISED WEASEL M'RODENT, UNDERWORLD STOOLIE, A COOL FIVE BUCKS FOR THE NAME OF THE MYSTERIOUS "MR. BIG" BEHIND ALL THE CRIME AND CORRUPTION HERE IN DIKTO CITY...

COME TO THINK OF IT, WHY SHOULD I PAY FOR WHAT I, A **GOOD MAN**, HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW!? MEN LIKE WEASEL HAVE THEIR USES, BUT IT'S DEMEANING TO DEAL WITH THEM ON THEIR OWN TERMS, FOR THEY ARE BLACK AND EVIL, HAVING CHOSEN THE PATH OF CRIME! BESIDES, FIVE BUCKS IS FIVE BUCKS...

I'LL BEAT IT OUT'VE HIM!

SEVERAL PERSUASIVE MINUTES LATER —

"OKAY — 'GURGLE' I'LL TALK! 'CHOKE' TH-THE KINGPIN IS (SOB) — W. PUERILE PRETTY-PANTS! COFF! ARRR-

PRETTYPANTS! THE FAMED PHILANTHROPIST AND DO-GOODER!

OF COURSE! THE ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE WHO EXPOUNDS THAT ABSURD 'SOMETHING-FOR-NOTHING' PHILOSOPHY — CREATING FANTASIES OF AN INDOLENT UTOPIA FOR THE UNWASHED POOR.

PRETTYPAN CHARITIE

CHARITY — HAH! WHAT AN INSIDIOUSLY CLEVER FRONT! NOBODY EVER GAVE ME A DIME! I'VE EARNED MY PLACE IN SOCIETY AND IT'S MY DUTY TO MAKE SURE EVERYONE ELSE PAYS THE SAME DUES!...

BZZZT

PRETTY PANTS CHARITIES INC. "HEART IN HAND" "HAND IN HEART" "HEART TO HEART" "HAND TO HAND" ♡ ALL ♡ WELCOME

SAY! NOT BAD. MAYBE I CAN USE THA-

YETH?

CLICK CLICK - BALD CLICK FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW CLICK CLICK DIRTY FINGERNAILS — OBVIOUSLY A DEGENERATE!

ONE SIDE, MINNOW — I'M AFTER THE BIG FISH!

CAN WE HELP YOU, SIR? MONEY? A BOWL OF SOUP? DANCING LESSONS?

MR. LUV

THE JIG'S UP! WHERE'S PRETTYPANTS?

YOU'RE TOO LATE, (SOB) HE'S DEAD!

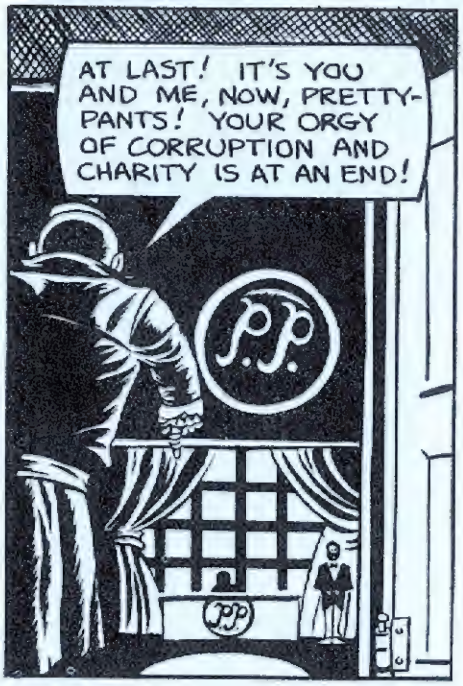
WIPED OUT BY A RIVAL GANG?

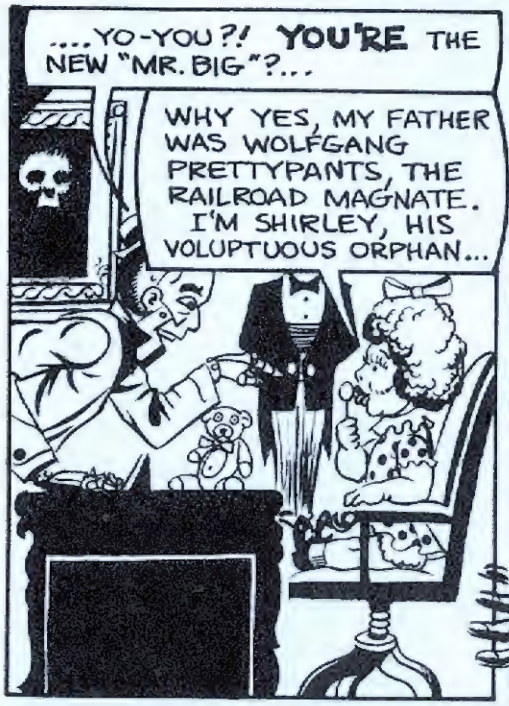
RUN OVER BY A RED CROSS TRUCK! HIS ONLY RELATIVE HAS TAKEN UP THE REINS...

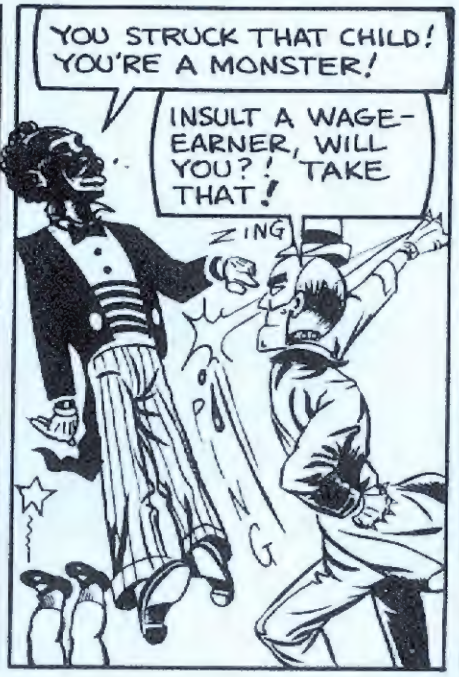
HE'LL DO! MY LECTURE FITS ANYBODY!

THREATENED FROM ALL SIDES BY THE SHIFTLESS WAITING ROOM CROWD, MR. "E" NARROWLY ESCAPES BEING IGNORED.

PAST THE LOBBY INTO THE PRIVATE OFFICES, MR. "E" BATTLES THE VILE HORDE OF MINI-SKIRTED CLOCK WATCHERS!...







BILL PEARSON / TIM BRENT

LIMPSTREL
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BUY A GIRL A DRINK?
STRONG 'N SILENT, EH?
MMMM! I LIKE THAT...
WHADAYA SAY? YOUR PLACE OR MINE.
'EY! YOU TAKIN' ADVANTAGE O' MUH GIRL? I DON' TINK I LIKE 'AT!
I FIX YOU GOOD...OOoooPS...
CRACK!
HEY!
WHAT FOR YOU SLUGGIN' M' DORTER?
SPLAT
B-TANG
YA SHOULDEN OUGTTOF HIT ME BRUDDER!
CROWN MY COLLEAGUE, WILL YA?
HEY BOYS! IT'S A FREE FOR ALL!!
BAR

THE JOURNEY
© BETTY & GRAY MORROW
1970

Through the abyss the witch floated, peacefully content. "To what strange world have they sent me," she mused. "In all my wanderings, never have I seen this land before. And yet..."

She cast her memory back to that last moment; once again she viewed the flames and, beyond, the mortal faces, bestial with bloodlust.....

"What pleasure the sounds of my pain must have given them."

Little silver bells of laughter bubbled in her throat.

How frightened she might have been if not for Mila's council. "You must not protest, child, for they only send you on a journey. A journey to an age of safety where you may learn and grow in peace."

"Will I really be the greatest witch of all, Mila?"

"For you, all things are possible. Of us all, only you have the gift of eternal self-awareness. But beware of pride, a mortal failing that can bring you harm."

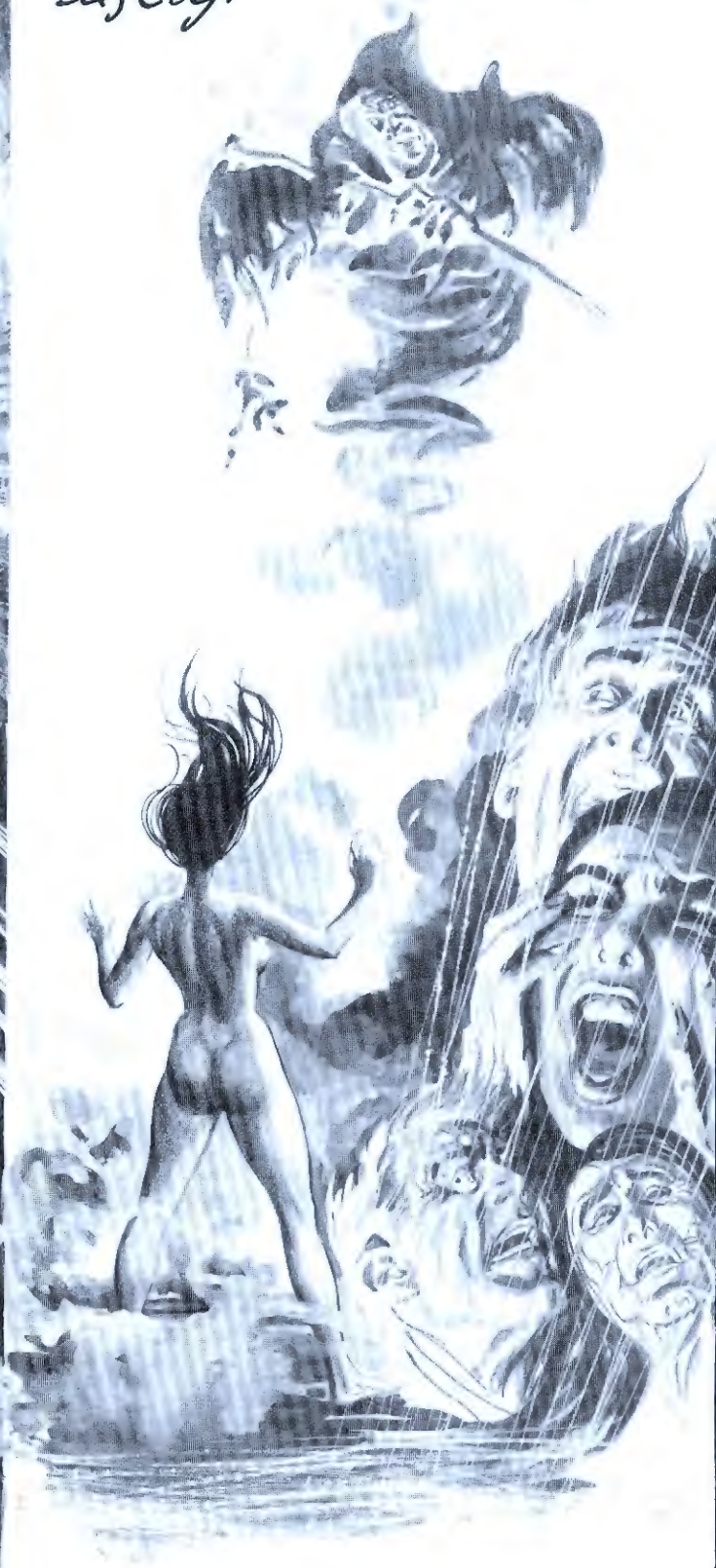
"Jealous! The greatest prophet of the Elders, jealous of me! But what a strange mode of travel is the stake. Could Mila have been wrong?"

Drifting through countless eons, the witch grew impatient. Suspicion chewed her thoughts. How like a lamb she had gone to the slaughter, and only because Mila had counseled it! Afraid to destroy her, fearful of the punishment of the Elders, had Mila sent the young witch here, forever out of reach? "I can destroy Mila. But how might the Elders repay that crime?" The witch brooded. "What could be worse than this vacuum in eternity?"

Willing her mind into one small malignant sphere she hurled it through the barriers, searching relentlessy through the crevices and fields of earth and on to the mountaintops. "Mila!"

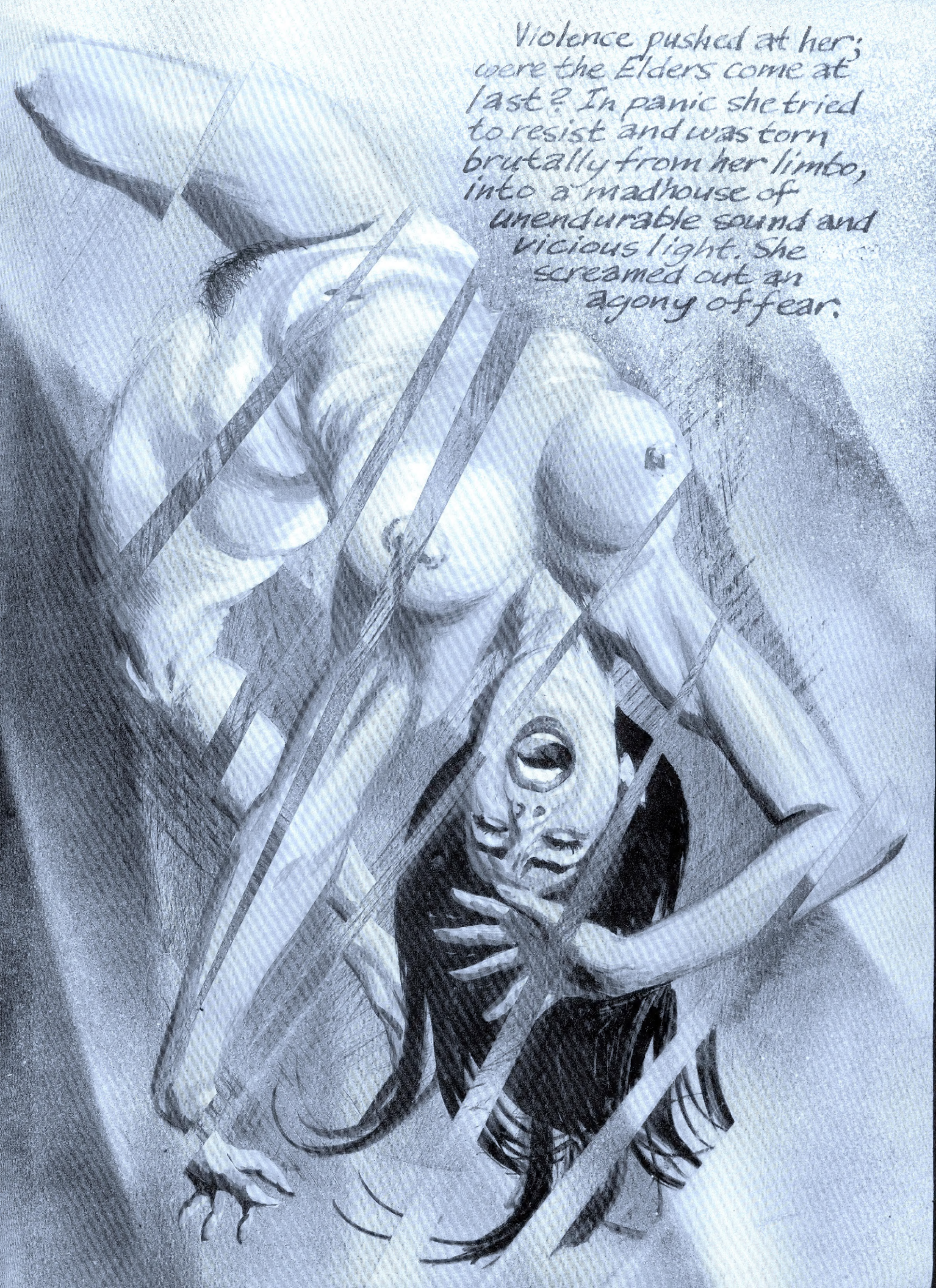
"Foolish child! You will destroy everything!"
"Only you, Mila!"

She thrilled to the hideous cry, covering the earth, sending mortals quaking to their islands of imagined safety.



But with her last breath, Mila laughed. "And still shall you know eternity. I have forseen it!"

Peace. She had done the undoable and her vacuous existence remained unchanged. On and on she drifted, feeling neither hunger, pain nor fear; secure in her self-contained universe.


Violence pushed at her; were the Elders come at last? In panic she tried to resist and was torn brutally from her limbo, into a madhouse of unendurable sound and vicious light. She screamed out an agony of fear.

Throughout the sterile room the infant's wail resounded pitiously.
"How could a thing like this happen?"
"Who knows? a twisted gene, a hormone gone wild."

"Imagine, once, a thing like this would have been allowed to live."
"My dear, the world would have insisted upon it!"

With a deft stroke he drove the needle home..

Through the abyss the witch floated

KENNETH SMITH
16 JANUARY 1969